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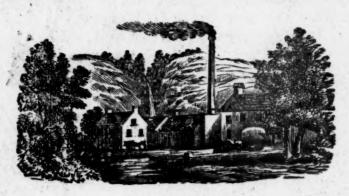
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# SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1, 1866.

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### HOW I ROSE IN THE WORLD.

#### CHAPTER XII.

CONTAINS A VARIETY OF THINGS.

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In the happiness of others was I happy myself? I think not! The gulf between Eveleen and me yawned wider than ever. Dorricks' position in the family distressed and alarmed me. Physically and mentally, he was greatly my superior, and his easy unconstrained familiarity with Mr. Roberts and his wife led me to the conclusion that he held a high place in their esteem. Besides, he was there as a member of the family, a young man of unspotted character, great abilities, and, I presumed, good expectations, and would have proved a formidable rival to any despairing lover, how much more so to my own poor self! Twenty, thirty, aye, a hundred times, I was on the point of rushing frantically from my desk, and seeking, in some far-off place, the peace that was denied me here. But would not this be criminal? 1 asked myself. It would, myself answered, and so I stayed—stayed for days, and weeks, and months, aye, and years, until I felt the down upon my cheek had become hair, and that manhood, almost insensibly, was upon me.

Yes, dear reader, I am now quite twenty, with an uncontrollable passion for razors, and a

calm contempt for boys.

About this time I was of signal service to Mrs. Roberts.—A fire broke out in the establishment, which, at the outset, threatened me and its other inmates with destruction. I was the first to discover it; roused the sleeping house, gave the alarm, and in two hours all danger was past. The injury done was but trifling, thanks to the energetic measures adopted, and business was resumed the next morning, as if nothing unusual had happened. O'Leary somehow heard of the fire twenty minutes after it had broken out, and his colossal figure might have been seen med and that it takes much to do that,

smoke and flame, daring where danger was, and encouraging, by his example, others to still greater exertion. What a splendid firebrigade man the poor fellow would have made!

Mr. Roberts gave me, in a few days afterwards, a handsome gold watch, as an appreciation of my services, with a plain silk riband attached. The riband, he said, was his daughter's gift, for he disliked chains or ornaments of any kind, and Miss Roberts knew it.

I was now invited twice a week to the Old Kent-road - Mondays and Thursdays. Mr. Roberts thus divided the week, for he never saw anyone on Sundays. Mr. Roberts was very kind (I'm afraid I have said that before), and usually kept me in conversation whilst Dorricks and Miss Roberts sang and played together, or walked up and down the neat, well-kept garden, at the back of the house—at one time apparently in an animated conversation, at other times silent, and, as it seemed to me, reserved. How I watched them! Eveleen in her plain evening dress, fair hair, and clear violet eyes; Dorricks with his fine, commanding figure, pale, handsome face, and easy, graceful, unembarrassed manner. Were they happy, those two young hearts? Alas, who can tell?

Meanwhile, I often see the Loaders. Poor, sweet, gentle little Fanny is now almost a woman, but she will never be a strong one, I fear. She is as gentle, and as patient, and as pretty-pretter perhaps—as ever, and I love, of all things, to read or talk with her of an evening, or bring her a book from a library, or a bouquet from Covent Garden, or give her a description of the last new bonnet, for the dear child has a weakness in that way, and we all try to humour and gratify her.

VOL. XIII.

either, but everybody pretends that it does, in order that all may do something towards making her

happy.

"Oh, how good of you, George," she would say, "to come here to talk to the poor invalid, in this gloomy little room, when everything looks so bright and gay outside! It is very selfish of me, but I think I should feel so sad if you did not come.

"I shall always come, dear

Fanny," I replied.

"I know you will—you are one of my oldest friends. Do you remember when papa brought you here first to see us?"

"Yes, Fanny, well."

"I said I should like you then, George, and I was right-I have liked you.

"How little have I deserved it, my poor child!" I said, smiling

sadly.

"I am not a child now, George," she interrupted, throwing back her brown clustering ringlets, and fixing her earnest blue eyes upon me,
—"I am not a child now; indeed,
I don't think I ever had a child's feelings, or a child's heart; but I am the youngest, you see, and the weakest, and the most helpless, and so you all pity and help me."

How transcendently levely was that pale, white, child-like face, now raised to mine! how much of what is pure and heavenly was

stamped upon it!

"But you are getting better and stronger," said I cheerfully; "we

all see it-we all know it."

"I should like to get well, George, for all your sakes, but I don't think I ever shall; indeed, she added with a sudden energy, indeed, I am sure I never shall."

I was unspeakably shocked, and the tears rose to my eyes as I said, "Dear Fanny, poor fragile child, you must not speak thus; you will yet get well and strong; the warm skies are coming, and will soon make this little room so happy and cheerful, that my old friend Fanny Loader, upon whom so many hearts are set, will get new life, and health, and vigour."

Again she smiled. "No, George,

"She paused, and then added—
"Are you angry that I call you George!"

"Angry, Fanny! I should be indeed angry if you did not. Why what put such a thought into your faelish little head?"

foolish little head?"

"I'm sure, I don't know," she replied; "but tell me, is it a foolish little head? Do tell me, George, is it such a foolish little head?"

"No, my dear; I was only jesting; you are growing a very wise little woman, and I am getting some of your wisdom every day."

"My wisdom, O George!" and the "little head" was shaken play-

fully at me.

"Yes, your wisdom, and I wish you would spare me a little of your patience, and your fortitude, and your gentle, unrepining disposition. You could do so if you would."

Again the little head was shaken, but this time wearily, and the pale fingers were pressed upon her bosom, and the white throat worked spasmodically, and her whole frame seemed to undergo a mysterious change.

"I am not well, she said faintly, but do not tell anybody. Papa, and Mary, and Sophie and the rest would be so alarmed, and I'm sure I wouldn't have even poor little pussey there frightened on my account."

"What o'clock is it, George?"

"I told her!"

"Papa will soon be here, and dear, good, Mr. Graham, and—and—Mr. Dorricks. How do you like him, George?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Dorricks!"

"He seems a very good man, Fanny, and is a very clever one."

"He is very clever, at least, papa, says so; and yet I don't think I shall ever like him."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know, I can hardly tell you, but there's something about the man that makes me wish I had never seen him.

I know it's very wrong to say so, but I cannot help it.

"Everybody speaks well of him,

Fanny.

"Yes, I know that, but still I cannot avoid thinking that everybody is mistaken, and that they will find it out in the end. Had I the world's wealth I would freely give it to save Eveleen Roberts from this Stephen Dorricks."

Poor girl, in after-years how I

remembered her words!

### CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH I MEET MY STEPFATHER. SHOREDITCH is not a classical locality, nor was it eighteen or twenty years ago, but a crowded thoroughfare, with coffee shops and gin shops, very much like the Shoreditch of the present day.

Somebody has written a story about the "Miser of Shoreditch," and succeeded in filling a tolerably stout volume with his shortcomings and delinquencies, but I am not aware that that gentleman (the Miser) had any palpable existence, save in the prolific brain and excited imagination of the writer himself. I believe the "romance" (I will call it one) was dramatised, but whether it proved a profitable speculation for he of the "Standard" or the "City," I am quite unable to determine. Certain it is that the miser, real or imaginary, created a terrible sensation at the time, which the lessees of the "Minors" would have been fools had they not profited by it. I have seen worse "sensation dramas" than that same miser, and if I live long enough, and feel theatrically inclined, shall, doubtless, see many more. We have now fallen upon the days of "Colleen Bawn," "Peep-o'-Day Boy," "Duke's Motto," "Ticketof-Leave Man," "Savourneen Dheelishs," and Mr. Pepper's "Ghost," and what fresh "sensation" to-morrow will bring forth, who shall determine? It is clear, then, that Shoreditch must not be trifled with in these pages. The "Miser" (on the stage) has gone

the way of all flesh, as most misers do, and I should be sorry, indeed, to say one word disrespectful to his memory. Let me deal with Shoreditch, therefore, so far only

as myself is concerned.

If Mr. Hopkins of the "Shoreditch," be yet alive—and I see no reason why he should not-let me venture to express a hope that he has by this time learnt the beauty of cleanliness, the value of light, and the comfort of ventilation; for in all these three essentials was his "Bar parlour" singularly destitute on the night of the 4th of March, 1843. Truly, it was as dreary, dirty, desolate, and disreputable-looking on that memorable evening, as the eye could well see, or the heart conceive. Into it, however, I must of necessity enter, which I do, shaking the rain from my hat and wiping it from my face, as the "pot-boy-and I hope he's now a landlord, if 'twere only for that one kind act—considerately lights a match, waves me towards the "parlour," and then cautiously guides me to a seat. I sit down, for Iam tired, and order a glass of stout.

The "stout" is paid for, but for half-an-hour at least it remains untasted. I have spread out my arms upon the table, wet and dirty as it is, and lain my head upon them sadly and wearily. I am in the dark, and darkness is a relief, for I weep long and bitterly. My heart is bowed down, and I care not

how soon it breaks.

This day Dorricks has been declared the accepted lover of Eveleen, and, as Mr. Roberts does not understand long courtships, they are to be married in three months.

"I always intended them for one another," said that gentlemen, "and

I see no use in delay."

My cup of misery is full to over-

flowing. Like Job, I curse "my day." Curse it in agony-curse it in

And "despair" has slain millions

of human souls.

"The Shoreditch" and its darkenened parlour suited me. Here I could give full vent to my sorrows

without the prying eye to see, or the listening ear to hear. Here I could beat my breast and tear my hair, and no human hand to stay me. Here, if the devil tempted me, I might end all my troubles in this life, and awake to new and never-ending horrors in the next. In the back parlour of the "Shoreditch" what might I not do?

Eveleen gone, to me worse than dead; had Fate anything more terrible in store? Could life be supportable and she another's? Could I look on and see him happy in her love? their days gliding on serenely towards the far-off grave; their children growing up around them their pride, their prop, their comfort; and I, outcast and wretched with a broken heart and blighted hopes living still, and praying, oh how earnestly, for death or madness?

How long I remained in this state I cannot say, but when I raised my head, I became conscious that the gas had been turned on, that a tall man, enveloped in a shabby cloak sat opposite me, and that that man was Philip Marston,

my stepfather!

He knew me!

"Mr. Marston!" I exclaimed in amazement, for though I came to look for him, I did not expect to find him without some trouble.

"Yes, George," said he, in a hollow voice; "all that is now left

of him-look at me !"

He threw open his cloak as he spoke, and showed a shrunken, wasted, almost aged form, the very shadow of his former self. How different from the appearance he presented the ee short months before in the gaming-house.

"I am not the Marston you knew," said he, with a hoarse laugh, whilst the old fire gleamed in his dark eye; "not the man you once threatened with your vengeance—a m I? Ha! ha! you

see your day is coming."

"I grieve, deeply grieve to see you so," I re plied; "and whatever wrong you may have done me or mine, I forgive you, from the bottom of my heart."

"Well, that is generous," said he, with a sneer; "though at present I'd waive the forgiveness, and be contented with a pot of porter."

"Hardened, irreclaimably hardened!" I muttered, as I rose to

give the order.

"You didn't expect me here to-night, I dare say?" he questioned, as he half-emptied the vessel of its contents, "but I dogged you from Cheapside to this, thinking you'd be glad-as, of course, you are-to see your old friend and relative, Phil. Marston. Come, give your hand; I'm no longer proud, and shouldn't object to your standing a little gin hot; that is, when this is drunk. Ah! times are changed-et nos me-confound it it, what's the rest? My Latin, like my clothes, is getting a little rusty, and both sadly need a polishing.

"You are, indeed, changed," I murmured; "sadly changed."

"Yes, I thought you would say so," he replied; "six years have told upon me—did'nt pass over like a summer cloud. Left their mark, eh?"

He raised his hat with a grim smile, and I saw the hard, rough lines upon his forehead and about the angles of the mouth, and the retreating hair, now thickly interspersed with grey, and the heavy jaw creased and flabby; all bespeaking to my mind less age than hard living. Though his figure looked shrunken, his face was bloated, coarse, sensual, and almost savage, but the expression of the eye was unchanged, and the voice, though sometimes harsh and unmusical, as deep, sonorous, and commanding as of old.

I looked at him in silence. He was but eight and thirty, yet one would have readily forgiven the falsehood had he professed himself

"You have suffered?" I asked,

after a pause.

"Aye, a little! All of us does that, I suppose. 'Man is born to trouble as the—the—help me out, lad."

"As the sparks fly upward," said I, completing the sentence.

"That's a statement I'm prepared to endorse at any moment, George, for I've found it's truth."

"'Twas a wise man said it," I

returned.

"Ave, and I wish to the great God that I had long, long years ago listened to all that this same wise man has said."

"It is not yet too late, Mr.

Marston."

"Bah, man!" he exclaimed hastily; "would you have me live over my life again? Phil. Marston, the drunkard, gambler, robber, if you like, turn penitent and reform, and be held up to the world as a model of divine—no, hang it, bad as I am I hate profanity, and I was bordering upon it just now. But, as I was saying, nothing short of a miracle ever brings a sheep so long lost as I have been back to the fold. We stray from pasture to pasture almost insensibly, and are soon beyond all hope of recovery. Let that pass, though, and tell me what you have been doing these five years or more."

I told him.

"I knew this in part," he replied, "and, notwithstanding the old grudge, I was glad to know it."

"Knew it! How did you know

"Why from a queer sort of a fellow that I met in a "little hell" down in --- Street, and who is something or another in Roberts's."

"Did he speak of me?" I asked,

rather astonished.

"Oh, not he; mentioned your name accidentally, and I managed to pick out of him about you without once exciting his suspicion. You may depend, George, I did not let a word slip that could lead him to suppose that you and I were other than strangers to each other."

"And this man, what is he

like?"

"Tall and gaunt, with flaxen hair, green eyes, and a gaping

I needed not to ask the name. It was Jackson!

"Have you seen him often in this "hell" that you spoke of?" "Two or three times, not more."

Mr. Marston pointed significantly to the empty pewter before him, and then, as if anticipating the order that I would give, knocked loudly with his knuckles upon the table, and in an authoritative tone directed that the glasses should be replenished forthwith.

I was determined not to drink more, but I saw there was no use

in opposing him.

The gin was brought in, reeking hot, and looking "as palatable a poison as you would find for miles round." I put my hand into my pocket to pay, but Marston stopped me.

"'Fair play is a jewel,' George;

it's my turn now.'

He pulled out a decayed-looking purse, which I saw contained a half crown, three shillings, a sixpence, and a few coppers.

"There's eighteen-pence," said he to the man, carelessly throwing down that sum, "Keep the change, and take yourself off as quickly as possible.

The pot-boy vanished!

My stepfather sippe l his gin with evident satisfaction, pulled out his pipe, stretched his legs upon the seat, and seemed determinedly bent upon being comfortable. I looked at hir: through his cloud of smoke, and a more contented face I never saw in all my life. There was a quet, carnal sense of enjoyment, a sort of "take-thy-ease,-my-soul" expression stamped upon it, that was almost pleasing to behold. And yet God and his own heart only knew how little cause the poor fellow had for being contented with himself, the world, or anything in

His had been an eventful life, full of sorrow, suffering, poverty, shame, and crime, and yet there he sat, pipe and glass, strangely oblivious of the past, and utterly indifferent as to the future. Had the "Sword of Damocles" hung above his head, this man would quietly have drunk his grog and

smoked his pipe beneath it. How much he smoked or how much he drank, I do not know,- but I do know that he seemed to do both incessantly for an hour or more. Drink was his bane! cure him of that, and soul and body

might yet be saved.

Meanwhile he drained glass after glass without any very palpable results. True, the cheek became a little more flushed, and an additional ray or two of light were thrown into the eye; but beyond these I could see no change. His hand was steady, his voice firm, and his language clear, intelligent, and even striking, The morality of the latter, however, was sometimes more than questionable.

"You are dull my lad," said he, after a long pause in the conversation.

- "I was thinking," I replied.

  "A bad habit," he returned, striking the ashes from his pipe, and refilling it, "a very bad habit indeed. Were I to think, what, in Heaven's name, would become of me! Why, I should go mad in a week, or become a prey to little fishes innumerable at the bottom of the Thames; or be trying a somersault on my own account from the top of the Monument. No, my boy, that would never dodrink, and bid care and thought defiance. That's my motto."
- "In the long-run, perhaps; but who looks to the future?"

"We all should!"

"And do you really believe there is a future?" he asked.

"Fairly put, and shall be as plainly answered. I do believe in your existence. What, then?"

"Then you as firmly believe in a future state, and, with it, its re-

wards and punishments."

"I don't think the inference at all a necessary one; nay, you may have read and seen enough of the world to be aware that there are those who have not hesitated to deny both."

"Yes, but on their death-beds they have usually recanted, have

they not?" I asked.

"It may be so; but, to be serious with you, I do believe in a future, and so does every man and woman

within this sea-girt isle of ours, whether they will admit it or no. But with that belief, amounting to a positive certainty, is it not strange, is it not inconsistent, that we travel on that 'broad road' at such a fearful pace, the more especially when we so well know that destruction lies at the end of it? This is bold language, you will say, from me. Be it so, I cannot help it."

"He is not hardened. Oh, my mother, I groaned aloud, had you been spared us what might not this man now be?—an ornament

to society, instead of a-"

"Curse! speak it boldly," said Marston, with a slight touch of remorse in his tones. "Society owes me nothing but a halter, and that it is prepared to give me at

any moment.

"Come," I replied earnestly, do not talk in this way; "your offences are many, no doubt, but sincere repentance can, and, if you desire it, shall atone. In another land and far away, away from the temptations which now beset you, you may redeem the past, and enter once more upon the paths of rectitude and honour."

"Too late, George—too late!"
"Oh, do not say so," I implore
you. "Can my mother's memory
do nothing?"

"Nothing!"

"My poor aid?"
"Nothing!"

"And will you suffer yourself to be bound hand and foot by the great enemy of souls? Oh, pause a moment ere you decide, for upon that decision may depend your eternal happiness."

"Again I say, too late!"
"Its never too late! Remember

the dying thief, and-"

"The dying thief had faith—I have none. No, no, there is no hope! As I have lived, so shall I die, and how soon my death comes I care not. When I am gone, the world will manage to get on without me. But my hour is not yet come; when it is, and if you be above the earth, you shall hear from me."

"And can I do nothing for you

now?

The man suddenly laid his head upon the table, and gave way to an uncontrollable burst of sorrowsorrow that seemed to crush both heart, and soul, and spirit-and in that moment I thought I saw a little ray of hope."

Yes, this poor fellow wept; sunken, degraded, outcast, and wretched, sinned against and sinning, with the brand of Cain almost stamped upon his brow, he wept wept such tears, perhaps, as the denying Peter may have wept in the outer court of Pilate's hall!"

My hand was upon his arm, the the first time for, oh, how many years! and my tears fell hot and fast upon it.

"Can I do nothing?" I repeated. But he did not hear me.

For full ten minutes he remained entirely absorbed in grief, so violent that it shook every joint and limb like an ague.

Tears are sometimes sacred, and even holy. The Lord of Life and Glory Himself wept at the tomb of Lazarus.

At length he raised his head, and shewed a white and suffering

"You asked me just now," he said, "could you do anything for me-there is one thing-

"Name it!" I exclaimed, eagerly. "Should you survive me, and that I die in England, bury me beside your mother.

It was the first time he had mentioned her, and it seemed to me that, with all his faults, he loved her memory dearly.

promised him faithfully, solemnly, earnestly, and, as I saw the eye glisten, and felt the strong grasp of the strong hand, I could not help thinking that under the hardened, flinty exterior, lay a heart not wholly dead to the best instincts of our nature.

But the darker side of the picture was again turned, for no sooner had I given him the undertaking sought for, than he once more addressed himself to his glass (brandy this time), and drank faster and more furiously than before; and I was forced, though

reluctantly, to admit that true repentance was as far from his thoughts as ever. My mother's name, and my mother's fate, coupled with his own cruel conduct, melted him for the moment, but that, I fear, was all.

I again approached the Jackson subject.

"Did he gamble much?" I asked. "Oh no," was the reply;" he's,, a close fellow, and merely watches the play."

"Does he appear to be wellknown at this gambling-house?"

"Well, I can hardly say, as I am but a comparative stranger there myself."

"Will you keep your eye on him?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

Much more passed between us, and it was half-past ten when I rose to leave.

To my offer of money, he merely said,—"Not now, when I want any I will contrive to let you know; but do not try to find me for some time. I am like the owl, and a meeting in 'the Shoreditch' would rather compromise you with your friends. When you really do want me, Hopkins will find me at any moment.

"Farewell, then!" said I, grasping his hand; "remember what I have promised."

"Ido-Ido!" said he, gratefully; "and may God bless you for it."

"And for Jackson-" "Yes," he interrupted.

"If he be fond of play, try and warn him of his danger. Were Mr. Roberts once to suspect him, he would be lost."

"And have you, yourself, never suspected him?"

"Never!"

"Well, do not fear me," said Marston, laughingly, as he glided from my side, and passed out into the darkness of the night. The next moment I sought the street myself.

# CHAPTER IV.

A LITTLE ABOUT MYSELF AND OTHERS.

I now watched Jackson more

closely, and perceived a visible change in him. He had become thoughtful and moody; seldom spoke, was often absent from his meals under the plea of illness, and kept his room in the evenings, I believe (for I was now an extern, and lived with Stephen and Mrs. O'Leary), as much as possible. I often sought his company and his confidence, fearing that already he might have gotten into difficulties, but he always repelled my advances, and expressed a desire to be left alone. His face grew sharp, pale, and anxious, his eyes restless, his dress disordered and neglected, and his whole appearance bespoke a man whose mind was ill at ease. When I spoke to him he answered shortly and fretfully, and at all times evinced a dislike to be questioned on any subject. I pitied, and would have counselled, him, but how was this to be done when he so studiously avoided me? I tried, therefore, to comfort myself with the assurance that Marston would, for my sake, warn him of the danger of a gambling-house, and perhaps save him.

But time speeds on. Graham is often with me, and we walk together, and talk a good deal of my stepfather, but he never once alluded to the approaching marriage of his cousin with Stephen Dorricks. I observe that this young gentleman (Graham) has latterly become very fond of the society of the Loaders, more particularly of little Fanny, now, contrary to everybody's expectations, greatly improved in health, but still having an unconquerable dislike to Dorricks. He (Graham again) brings her books, and fruits, and flowers, and tells her all the little gossip of the day, just as I used to do when I was happier, and he is as gentle with her as if she was a pet lamb. Where all these attentions will end I do not know, but I think that I could shrewdly guess.

I really am not sure whether I told my readers that Stephen was now regularly employed upon a

"sporting and theatrical" paper in the metropolis, and that he was

was also special correspondent to the Dublin Freeman and the Galway Vindicator. He had just severed connection with a weekly journal of some repute, because it abused his old friend "Harry Lorrequer," of whom he was a most ardent admirer, though by so doing he lost five-and-thirty shillings per week. But money was nothing with O'Leary when a friend's reputation was at stake. I do not know the precise sums he received for his services on these journals, but the aggregate would probably amount to thirty pounds a month; and this sum enabled him to cut a very pretty figure in Piccadilly, Regent Street, and the Burlington Arcade, as well as at the theatres, opera-houses, and other places of amusement. This will account for our not having been so much together latterly as we could have desired. He was now a man of business, and business, we all know, must be attended to. How I loved to see him dress for the opera stalls, or the boxes of Drury Lane or the Haymarket, and think them both honoured by having within their walls the very beau ideal of an Irish gentleman. And the manager, the singer, and the poor, struggling, worn-out actor idolised him, for he had a good word for all. He never dipped his pen in gall. If he erred at all, he erred on the side of humanity; as I wish some modern critics would do.

Nor were the "minors" forgotten. He liked the "burlesque" of the Strand, the melodrama of the Queen's, and the drama of the Surrey. Years later he pronounced the acting in the latter theatre "positively superb," where Messrs. Shepherd, Anderson, Fernandez, and the ever-versatile, indefatigable. and ubiquitous Charlie Butler (and long may all four keep possession of its "boards"), were a host in themselves. Whether Mr. Shepherd will send me a carte blanche on satin note for thus chronicling Stephen's opinion of his actors 1 do not know-but I really think he ought.

I lost no time in telling Mr. and

Mrs. O'Leary all I myself knew with reference to the proposed marriage between Eveleen and Dorricks. They heard me to the end, and then the former, throwing himself back in his chair, and crossing his right leg over his left knee—something in the style of an amateur tailor—delivered him-

self thus :-

"When a girl marries, she usually does so with an object. That object may be apparent, or it may not. For instance, she may appear to marry a man for love whom she really hates, and her intended husband may be perfectly aware, or perfectly unaware, of the sacrifice she is about to make. In a word, she may marry for money and break her heart. Again, she may marry really and truly for love, and for this alone I assume that all right-thinking girls should marry; or, she may do so to oblige her parents, or friends, or guardians, under a strong protest, and with the express understanding that she is to be miserable for life. Thus we have divided the case, as you will perceive, and placed it under three distinct heads. Now to take them up and examine them seriatim:-

"And, firstly—"A girlmay marry for money." Now it is perfectly obvious to everybody who possesses the very smallest modicum of common sense that Miss Roberts does not, and need not, marry for money, as her father is wealthy, almost beyond his desires, and can at any moment give her a fortune that would nearly make a Roths-

child stare.

"Secondly—Miss R. does not apapear to exhibit anyof the ordinary or extraordinary signs of attachment for Dorricks, such as I should desire to see in a woman who was about to become my wife. Ergo, she does not love him. Why does she marry then? And this brings me to the third point.

"Adhering to the theorem, I draw my deduction thus. She does not marry for money—she does not marry for love; and she marries, therefore, for the third, last, and in many instances most conclusive of all reasons—because her father wishes it.

"What a logician you are, to be sure!" said my aunt, admiringly.

"I wonder you didn't see the thing yourself, Biddy. Believe me Miss Roberts does not care a fig for Dorricks, good and handsome, as he is; and if you had only half the penetration I always gave you credit for, you'd have seen that before now."

"Perhaps you're right!" and

poor Biddy mused.

"To be sure I'm right, and were it not for that Dorricks, whom the devil confound, I could tell you both a tale; but never mind, all in good time. And Stephen tapped his nails against the window, and began to whistle most vigorously."

This was the way in which my uncle dealt with the subject.

The day approached on which in the sight of God and man Stephen Dorricks and Eveleen Roberts was to be declared man and wife. For three weeks at least I saw nothing of either. Eveleen was slightly indisposed and confined to her room, and Dorricks was in Wales, arranging some private affairs previous to his marriage. Mr. Roberts was, of course, very busy and could not be approached, and Mrs. Roberts seemed for thefirst time in her life to avoid me.

When Dorricks returned, he looked sad and depressed, but this depression wore off, and in a day or too he seemed as calm and self-

collected as ever.

At length I saw Eveleen! It was in the summer-house in the Old Kent-road, and she was sitting with a book lying carelessly before her, her fair head resting upon her hand, and her hair thrown wildly back upon her neck and shoulders.

She was evidently weeping, as deep sobs burst at intervals from

her labouring bosom.

I had gone into the garden accidentally, and without the slightest hope of seeing her, and the pale, sickly, worn face, which I for an instant caught sight of, pained me

beyond expression. I was not three yards from her—she might have heard my very breathing, but she neither stirred nor looked up.

"Shall I speak to her," I asked myself. "I will, though it be for

the last time."

Closer and closer, till I could have touched her with a finger, but

still she stirred not.

Her head was now bowed upon the book, and its open leaves were wet and discoloured as if with tears. Her hair in disorder upon her neck, bosom, and arms, and I saw that one golden ringlet had been severed from near the temple, and lay upon the rustic seat beside her. A portrait, slightly injured, rested on the table. The portrait was that of Stephen Dorricks.

"Miss Roberts," said I, after the lapse of some minutes; "dear Miss Roberts, I wish to speak to

you."

She looked up, surprised and

alarmed.

"Forgive me," I continued, "if I have disturbed you, but I feared you were ill."

"How long have you been here," she asked, hurriedly and anxiously.

"About ten minutes," I answered.
"Not longer?"
"Not longer!"

She raised her dim eyes to mine. "I am glad of it," she said,

quietly.

"Miss Roberts," I continued, with an effort; "hear me a few words—the last I shall in all probability, address to you under your present name."

Her hand passed instinctively over Dorricks' portrait, but she did

not speak.

"Five or six years ago, I was received into your father's counting-house."

"I know it," she interrupted

faintly; "I know it."

"A poor helpless orphan," I went on, "with scarce a friend to whom I could turn for help or counsel. I was almost alone in the world; a mere child, scarce fitted for the every-day work of life, and without the slightest knowledge of business of any kind whatever.

Mr. Roberts received me on my own terms, and these terms were, that I should labour for my own bread, and never eat that of idleness. I tried to do well, and was encouraged on every side. What I had done was remembered: what I had failed to accomplish was overlooked and forgotten. I was gently dealt with, and taskmaster was but a name. Well, manhood came upon me, and found me in a position which I had hardly dared to aspire to; a position of trust, of confidence, and emolument. With all this you will say that I am, or ought to be, happy."

"And are you not?" she asked,

quickly.

"Far from it; I am really unhappy, and it is that very unhappiness that has forced me to address you this evening."

" Me?"

"Forgive me if I offend, but I feel as if you were not happy, either; as if some hidden grief were consuming you; some cankerworm gnawing at your heart. Oh, it is sad too see one so young, so good, so gentle—"

"Hush!" said she, with vehemence, and tightening her fingers upon the portrait—hush! I am not

unhappy.'

"Would that I were so persuaded," I returned earnestly; "but your looks sadly belie your assertion. Miss Roberts, can you wonder if I doubt you when I see those tears which now struggle to your eyes, and almost witness the mighty conflict which shakes you in every limb?"

"I am but poorly," said she, with a faint smile, "and very weak and nervous. I am afraid you startled me a little just now, and I have not yet quite recovered."

"You would deceive me, Miss Roberts—you would deceive your-self. You are ill, but it is your unhappiness, and that alone, which makes you so. Pardon my plain speaking; pardon my presumption."

"Presumption! oh, Mr. Allen."
"If it be either or both, believe
me that it springs from the undying

devotion of one who would gladly lay down his life to spare you a single pang."

Again she nervously clutched the

portrait, and I went on-

"You are too young and helpless to bear this burthen, whatever it may be, alone! Let me entreat you, then, as you value your future peace, to confide in your father and Mrs. Roberts. They are your natural guardians, and will give you advice and assistance, where such is necessary."

Tighter, and tighter, and tighter, was the portrait clutched, till the knuckles seemed starting through the transparent skin, and the fingernails deeply imbedded in the flesh.

"Your father loves you," I continued; "you are to him as the apple of his eye. Will you repay his love by withholding from him your confidence—suffer on (for I know you do suffer) in secret and in silence, when his willing ear is always open to hear you, and his strong arm ever ready to help? I know I have no right to speak in this way, and perhaps you are angry at my-"

"I am not angry," she said in low, broken tones; "oh, believe me

I am not."

"You have many friends, Miss Roberts, who are deeply and devotedly attached to you, and who hope to see you one day a happy wife and—"

A cry, a low, agonising cry burst from her lips, and the portrait, shattered into fifty pieces, lay at

her feet.

"Great God!" I exclaimed in horror; "what have I done? Miss Roberts—dear, dear Miss Roberts, listen to me-speak to me. I call Heaven and earth to witness I did not mean to pain you, but I spoke atrandom, and without well knowing what I said. Do you forgiveme?"

"There is nothing to forgive," she replied, after a pause of a few moments, during which I knew that some mighty struggle was going on within her: "nothing. You have spoken kindly to me, Mr. Allen, and I am grateful, very

grateful."

She spoke sadly and wearily, like one who was tired of life.

"I have acted injudiciously, perhaps unwisely, Miss Roberts; but my motive was a good one."

"Yes, yes," she murmured; in the same sad, weary way; "do not

speak of it again."

"I have been thinking of leaving this country," I said, with some

emotion, "and-"

"Leaving this country," she repeated, looking up earnestly and anxiously into my face; "leaving this country-why?"

"I have been unwell, latterly; my health is failing; rest and change are becoming necessary."

"Have you told my father?" "Not yet; he has been so busy lately, that I have only been able

to catch a passing glimpse of him." "He will miss you," said she, slowly; "we shall all

vou.

"I shall miss what has been my home for so many years, Miss Roberts."

"And where do you go?"

"I hardly know yet,-perhaps to America.

"A long, long way for one that has never been out of England. An unhealthy climate, too, I fear."

"All climates are alike to me,

now," I returned.

Again she looked at me earnestly, and I saw her foot press a fragment of Dorrick's picture, deep, deep into the earth.

"You will not go for some time?"

"This week!"

How sudden. "This week! Papa will never "-she stopped short, and her fingers played with the ringlet upon the table.

"He will not blame me when I

tell him why I go."

"Indeed!"

"Believe me!"

"And when will you return?"

"Never!"

Crack went the glass beneath her feet, and the remainder of the portrait disappeared.

"Never!" she repeated incre-

dulously.

"Never, Miss Roberts! never!" She wreathed that golden lock

around her fingers, and again repeated, "Never!"

"Are you tired of the old world?" she at length asked, with a feeble smile!

"The old world is tired of me,"

I fear.

"Indeed, you are wrong Mr. Allen: we shall be very lonely without you. Everyone thought well of you here, and I am sure papa looked upon you in the light of a valued friend. True friends are rare in this selfish world of ours, and we cannot afford to lose even one. Will you reconsider your decision?"

"It cannot be, Miss Roberts; it is better for me, for everybody, that I should go: depend upon it the old world will get on without

me."

"There is some mystery in all this," said she musingly; "a mystery that I cannot unravel. Will you take the advice you yourself have just given me, and consult my father?"

"It would be useless, Miss

Eveleen—quite useless."

"Perhaps you are in pecuniary

difficulties; if so--"

"I do not owe any man a penny," I replied, "And my present income is more than sufficient for my wants.

She shook her head despair-

ingly.

"I cannot understand it, Mr. Allen;" but I suppose you are right. "Believe me, I am."

"You would not do anything rashly, I am sure," she returned. "and must have strong motives for acting as you do."

I bowed.

"I could well wish it otherwise, and so could all who know you. You have some dear friends who will grieve for you in time to come, and who would gladly see you return to England again. For myself, how willingly would I comfort you if I could! Alas, I am but a poor weak woman, and have but a woman's prayers to give. These are freely yours."

"I thank you from my heart, Miss Roberts. The thought that I bear with me your wishes and prayers, will help to lighten the load which now presses so heavily on me, and cast a ray of light along my darkened path."

"My own path is dark enough, God knows," she replied, with a

shudder.

" Yours! I-pardon me, but-" "Do not speak to me, do not make me think of what I have been, and what I am-I am not worthy to talk to you or any honest man. for oh, I hate—I despise myself."

Again her head sank upon the table, and again her tears burst

forth.

"Leave me," she said hurriedly, "you will be observed. My father will be seeking for you, and you can make no excuse for your prolonged absence!"

"And, Mr. Dorricks, Roberts?" Miss

"Is in the house, doubtless, but I cannot see him this evening-I am really unwell, and must be alone,—do not mention him again -- do not mention anybody to me now-not even papa! Go!"

"Let me say, farewell, then, Miss Roberts, while there is yet time."

"Oh, not yet!-not yet!" she cried, earnestly; "you cannot part us all so soon. Stay another month."

"I dare not!"

- "Not even when Eveleen asks
- "When Eveleen asks you!" What new light is this that bursts upon me?

"You do not answer!"

"What can I say? what can I do?" I returned. "Stay in London I must not, for every day within its walls would be one of misery to

"Shall I ever know why you go?"

"You shall!"

"When?"

"The night before I leave England I will put in writing (if you will permit me) the motives which influence me in acting as I do. I am satisfied that you will admit their purity, if not their strength.

"Your confidence shall not be

abused."

"I know it! In that paper I shall lay bare to you the secrets of my heart."

"And no eye but my own shall read them. Now, will you not stay one little month longer?"

"If it be your wish, I will."
"Oh, thank you," said she, giving me her hand in her old, frank, cordial way. "You have made me so very happy."

"One word more, Miss Roberts, before I go, — do you love this

Stephen Dorricks?"

"Oh, spare me!" she exclaimed, turning her eyes piteously upon my face. "If you would not have me go mad, do not repeat that question."

"If you do not love him," I persisted, "honestly tell him so, and ask him to release you from a promise, the fulfilment of which can only bring misery to both."

She threw up her hands wildly,

but did not speak.

"If he be a man of honour, a man of feeling, he will not hesitate to release you. Should he be destitute of both, you have still

your father to appeal to."

"I cannot bear it. My brain reels, and I feel as if reason was tottering on her throne. Leave me—do not stay another moment. In return for your proposed confidence, you shall hear from me in a day or two, when that part of my conduct which now appears inexplicable shall be explained. Good bye!"

Again she gave me her hand. I pressed it fervently to my lips, and then, without hazarding another word or look, tore myself from the

spot.

# CHAPTER XV. CONTAINS EVELEEN'S LETTER TO MYSELF.

THE next day but one brought the following letter from Miss Roberts:

"Tudor Lodge, Old Kent-road, 2 o'clock, Friday, 8th May, 1845. "I sit down to redeem my promise, that of accounting in some measure for my conduct and manners when you surprised me in the summer-house on Wednesday last. I write to you as an old friend, and in so doing I am satisfied that I shall neither be misinterpreted nor misunderstood. I place the most implicit confidence in your honour, and I feel assured that that confidence shall never be betrayed.

"You asked me when parting on that day, Did I love Mr. Dorricks. When I have told you all, you will be able to

judge.

"To begin then: I heard of Mr. Dorricks from infancy, but never saw him till six or seven years ago, just as I had emerged from childhood into girlhood. My father had never seen him either, but he was the son of an old schoolfellow whom he greatly prized, and as such received by us. We were all struck with his pale, intellectual countenance, and his quiet, nnassuming, though engaging manners. He was gentle and conciliating, always listening with respect to the opinions of others, rarely expressing any of his own. When called upon, however, he could reason like a 'logician,' and his arguments, I have heard papa say, were powerful and conclusive. Mr. Dorricks is no common man, and for one so young, the influence which he exercises upon all who come within his reach is truly marvellous. Is it a wonder, then, that we (my mother especially) for a time were fascinated and spell-bound by him? He made no effort to create an 'impression,' to charm us with his eloquence, or astonish us with the depth of his researches. On the contrary, he was modest and retiring, and, in this respect at least, 'hid his light under a bushel.' Notwithstanding all this, he produced the very effect he seemed anxious to avoid. We felt the most unbounded admiration for him and his abilities, and looked upon every word that fell from his lips as a very 'oracle." Papa is by no means extravagant in his notions, but he is strongly of opinion that Mr. Dorricks is the most wonderful man alive. This is a conclusion he has not hastily arrived at, but is, he declares, the result of the profoundest consideration of his character, and the strictest scrutiny of his conduct. All, or nearly all this, however, you already know. Let me hasten to the subject-matter of my letter.

He was some time in the house before my father particularly alluded to him in my hearing. He then spoke of him as a young man of great promise, who had lately finished his collegiate course, and had just become a convert (if I may be allowed the term) to Methodism. He had been recommended for 'honours' at all his examinations, and received, I know not how many, gold medals for Oratory and Composition. He carried all before him at Oxford, and he seemed to have carried Mr. Roberts with him too. He is the son of my dearest friend, now many years dead, said he. 'We were brought up together, apprenticed

together, and entered upon manhood together. He married, was unsuccessful in life, and died at an early age, through poverty and a broken heart. His wife, never very strong, soon followed him to the grave. Only one child, a son, was left behind, and I promised Mr. Dorricks on his death-bed that I would be a father to that child. I hope I have kept my word. I would willingly have borne all the expenses attendant upon his education; but other friends insisted upon lending a helping hand, and I had no right to say them nay. We intended him for commercial pursuits, but his inclinations were of a different kind, and he There he determined upon Oxford. greatly distinguished himself, and has left behind him proofs of his powers that will not soon be forgotten. He is now staying with us, and in years to come, I have other views respecting him which nearly concern myself."

"He never alluded to him again till about six months ago, when one day he came into my room, looking grave and thoughtful. He drew a chair close to mine, and motioned me to lay aside the

work with which I was engaged.
"'Eveleen,' said he, when I had prepared to listen, 'it is now right to tell you what my plans are respecting you. You have at length arrived at the age when all young women who have been so fortunate as to meet with men who will make good and faithful partners through life, should marry. You are nearly nineteen, and no longer a girl. Such a partner or husband I have found for you, and this husband is Stephen Dorricks. I made a solemn promise to his father when his eyes were about being closed in death, that I would take care of his boy, and that when he came to man's estate, he should marry my daughter. That promise made (not lightly) to the dead must be fulfilled, and soon. I do not look for any opposition on your part-indeed, I do not think of such a thing. Your own sense of what is due to me, if nothing else, will ensure perfect and entire obedience to my will. The marriage will not take place for some time, and you will have every opportunity afforded you of judging of the man to whom I desire you to give your undivided love.

"And with these last words still ring-

ing in my ears, my father left me.
"Were I to attempt to describe to you my feelings, it would be vain-utterly and entirely vain. Words would but faintly portray the sufferings of that eventful morning Surprise, terror, rage, despair, all struggled for mastery, and the conflict was sharp and terrible. I felt humiliated too, at being disposed of in so unceremonious and off-hand a manner.

"I went to Mrs. Roberts. She had been already made aware of his resolution, and well knew that it could not be

She sympathised with me, shaken. nevertheless, and advised an appeal to him, though she felt that little good would result from it. 'Having done this,' said she, 'you have done all that you can do.' This was the only consolation my poor, dear mother afforded me. 'Though she thought it a little hard that I should be compelled to marry one whom, in so short a time, I could scarcely be supposed to love; yet as that man was such an admirable one, she really did not see anything so very terrible in it after all.' The morning of her own life had been cloudy, and she had married my father on an extremely short notice. Well, I did appeal to him, and tried by every argument in my power to touch his Vain! Much as he loves his heart. child, he is blind to her tears-deaf to her He is fixed-resolute-imentreaties. moveable. His will is law, and that law, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, 'altereth not.'

"What can I do? My case is hope-

"Mr. Dorricks is kind, polite, attentive. He meets me always with his most winning smile, but never speaks of love or marriage. The latter I suppose he looks upon as an 'un fait accompli,' and perhaps does not consider the former by any means indispensable to his happiness.

"I can never love Mr. Dorricks! "I can respect-nay, admire him. No

" My father is kind, but he is a MAN OF PRINCIPLE, and I am a victim at the shrine of principle.

"I can think of no way of escape save one. I will appeal, as you advised me,

to Dorricks himself.

"I will tell him the truth, and throw

myself upon his mercy.
"I will ask him to spare and save me. If he be the man I think him, he will do

Half-past seven P.M.

"I have just seen Dorricks. No hope -no hope. He is gentleness itself. He has raised his great calm eyes to mine, and told me that he is powerless in the matter; that he cannot move; that the contract was made years ago when he was an infant, by his father and mine; that the former has been long dead, and that it is to the latter he must now refer me.

"'See your father, Miss Roberts,' he said, with a smile of perfect resignation, and tell him that I am entirely in his

hands.'

"Alas, too well I know what that

"Escape seems now impossible. My father is resolved; my doom is pronounced; the victim must be immolated.

"I have nothing more to add except to remind you of your promised confidence. If your motives be for leaving what, on consideration, I fear they are,

then I would say, Go and quickly. This is no longer a place for you;—seek peace and happiness elsewhere. May both be yours, though they be denied to the unfortunate Eveleen.

"P.S.—Eight o'clock.

"The broken portrait you saw in the garden was that of Dorricks,—it came through Mrs. Roberts. He was too diffident to offer it himself—at least, I suppose so. He is a man of stone!

"God help me!
"Ten minutes later.

"I am at the piano—Dorricks beside me. I play at random, and my father watches me. I make no effort to appear happy. How can I? Anguish and despair are in my heart. When, oh, when—will it break?"

And so ended the letter.

Blotted, soiled, and nearly illegible, the hand that penned it must have been indeed unsteady, and the heart that dictated it indeed wretched.

The allusion to myself was plain and forcible. She had probed my weakness; perhaps my secret had long been hers. If so, she would

respect it.

How and when to go? was now the question. Should I go openly, or like a thief? If the former, what excuse could I possibly give to Stephen for so doing, or what motives could I urge? Even when those motives were made known to him, is it at all likely that he would permit, without an effort, such a sacrifice on my part? I think not.

To go openly, then, seemed out of the question, and secrecy and

night alone remained.

"Go, and go quickly," were her last words! She shall be obeyed, thought I, cost what it may. I will prepare at once, and in another fortnight I shall be far from England.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

A SHORT TALK ABOUT DORRICKS AND OTHERS.

"You have heard the news, I suppose, George," said Graham, bounding into my room, the evening of the day on which I received Eveleen's letter.

"The news! What news?"

"Why, my cousin's marriage with Dorricks, to be sure."

"I have heard it," said I, with

an effort.

"Confound the fellow! I don't half like him."

"He is liked, notwithstanding, Graham."

"Liked! By whom?"

"By Mr. Roberts, for instance."
"O yes, I suppose so. My uncle likes everyone that's clever, and

Dorricks is clever."

"The world says so," I replied.

"Oh, hang the world!" returned my companion; "it's as often wrong as right; oftener, if the truth were known. Now the world once said that I was clever, and

"The mistake is not a very palpable one, and I confess that I,

just see what a mistake it made."

myself, share in it."

"Do you? well I never thought you such a fool! Clever men are not quite so plentiful as blackberries, that you may pick them up among the hedges and ditches of life. To be a clever man, you must be alike an honest man—'one picked out of ten thousand.' Now you are thought clever."

"I?"

"You!"

"My good friend, you are

jesting with me."

"My good friend, I am doing nothing of the sort. If you are not a shining man, you are a steady one, and the latter is very often the cleverer of the two. The shining man is like base coin—more than suspected; the steady man always passes current. Dorricks says so."

Dorricks again!

"What an evening for a walk! so clear and pleasant, and not too warm. What do you say to a turn down the Strand?"

"I have been thinking of going

as far as Loader's."

"Let us go there, then," said he, cheerfully, and rising: "there is no place I would rather go to. What a sweet little thing that Fanny Loader is, George!"

"She will not be long among us,

I fear."

"Oh, nonsense, man! She will

live for many years to come, and bring happiness one day to some poor fellow's home."

"I hope so," I replied, fervently.

"I often think about her," he continued.

" So do I."

"Don't say so, George, or I shall get jealous. Think of Mary and the rest as long as you like, but leave Fanny to me."

"With all my heart," said I,

and we went out.

Graham was unusually silent that night at Loader's, and his eye wandered continually to the sofa where Fanny sat. She was low-spirited and restless, and asked to be taken to her room before the blinds were drawn.

We all bade her good night, and

sat down again.

"Poor child, she has not been herself latterly," said Mr. Loader

drawing towards the fire.

Graham glanced at him uneasily, but said nothing. Once he took up the poker to stir the fire, but with a sigh laid it down again as if he had suddenly changed his mind.

"I fear she does not take exercise enough, Mr. Loader," I half sug-

gested.

"So I say, George, but the girls will have me believe that she is better indoors, though I must confess that I would much rather see her out in the clear sunshine amongst the trees and flowers, than sitting here all day, like a gloomy little recluse."

"Why not try change of air and

scene?" I asked.

"I could not part with her," was the brief reply. "Besides, she has never been a day from home all her life, and I know that if now removed from it she would, like many a transplanted flower, droop, wither, and die!"

"How old is she?" said Graham, looking up, and speaking for the

first time.

"Seventeen last October; she is nearly two years younger than Eveleen Roberts."

"Poor Eveleen!" sighed Richard.
"I wish from my heart that I could think this Dorricks worthy of her."

"And is he not?" inquired Loader. "I have observed the man closely, and think him in every respect well calculated to make her

happy."

"He will not break her neck," replied Graham, bluntly, "but he may break her heart. If I know anything of woman, I would say that she does not love him."

"I never thought of that." And Loader seemed lost in thought.

"They tell me every one likes him. Well, I do not positively dislike him, but I nevertheless make it a point to see as little of him as I possibly can," said Graham, directing his eyes towards where Mr. Loader sat.

"In other words, you avoid

him?"

"If you will interpret is so I cannot help it," replied Graham, smiling.

"Take care you are not a little

jealous of him, Richard."

"I? Oh, heaven forbid! He never crossed my path, nor is he likely to do so. Besides, our interests are not at all likely to clash, so far as I can see. You know that I am, and have been, perfectly independent of my uncle, and that my own private means are quite sufficient to keep me so. Were I inclined for commercial pursuits I could at any moment embark in them, and with a large capital, too; but trading was never my forte. No, no; let Dorricks keep his way, and I mine; the world is wide enough for us both."

"True, and I hope you will both be useful in it," was his reply.

The girls soon after re-entered, minus Fanny, and having chatted for an hour or two longer, we took

"George," said Graham, when we found ourselves in the street, "George, it is useless to conceal it,—I love Fanny Loader!"

### STONEHENGE AND OLD SARUM.

In describing a visit to this patriarch among time-honoured lions, I fancy my readers will thank me for sparing them the introductory statements of, how myself and a friend received an inspiration to visit Stonehenge, how we braced up our hearts and our sandwich-boxes to prepare for the event, how we travelled towards Salisbury, and how we arrived there, with many other equally important hows, whys, and wherefores.

To be brief, then, we commenced by leaving the city behind us, and soon afterwards arrived at the foot of the first of a series of downs, looking as bleak and forlorn as the back of a sheep just after being shorn, and leaving wild, desolate, grand Old Sarum on our left, with a passing laugh at the absurdity of a place without inhabitants returning two members to Parliament previous to the Reform Bill of 1832, we proceeded for seven miles over the monotonous downs, studded, here and there, with a farm-house in a sheltered hollow, surrounded by a few trees, and arrived at that highly interesting relic of antiquity (dating, I believe, from the last century) y-cleped, "Ye Druid hys head," a famous place, where druidical beverages of the most tempting taste and smell are prepared by the presiding priests and priestesses (called, alas! in the present age of vulgar reform, potmen and barmaids).

Having fortified the inner man for the forthcoming meeting with the Arch-Druid of the neighbouring temple, we listened to an animated colloquy between two scientific gentlemen, who, instead of knocking one another about to settle their differences, performed that operation on their h's. One of them stating that the flood—no, he meant the world had existed before the world—no, he meant the flood, and that it had done wonders—had left Stonehenge in its present place; for, after all, what

was Stonehenge but the fossil remains of some great hanimal! To which the other replied that he was not a philosopher, though a scientific man, like many others, of the present age; that he differed from the last speaker; for England enjoyed a constitution, and beer was beneficial to 'ealth, while he had seen the bones of a hanimal which lived about a million years ago."

Quitting these literati we passed into an adjoining room, which contained a portrait of what I should have fancied to approach nearest to an amphibious, aeriform nondescript, something between an owl, a goat, and a hippopotamus. Judging from this confession, you may suppose how very ill prepared I was for the astounding revelation made to me namely, that, I was standing before the similitude in oil of the great Arch-Druid himself. See into what straits an ignorance of high art will sometimes lead a man!

Leaving the hospitable abode of the Vice Arch-Druid and the main road at the same time, we jogged on our way across the downs past a clump or two of trees and several barrows or tumuli; when, suddenly halting, we found ourselves in the presence of that wonderful example of human energy, which has puzzled so many as to its origin and and use; yes, even that strange mixture of sense and folly, the "British Solomon," alias King Jamie.

At a little distance, Stonehenge does not appear so imposing as the views one sees of it would lead any one to expect. Its greatest diameter being only 100 feet, the mass bears a compact look as you go towards it. It is only when you stand under the stones that you are aware of their immense height. As I said, there are and have been various notions regarding its origin and use, but the opinion most generally received appears to be

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that it was a Drudical Astronomical Temple probably erected about

100 years before Christ.

As we enter the sacred enclosure we are struck with the sight of a tent standing in solitary simplicity amid the wonders of the surrounding scene. Now, there is nothing very remarkable about the appearance of tents generally, nor in this one in particular; but then, the place, the time, the situation! Suppose a wrathful Arch-Druid were to rise out of it, and seize the sacrilegious intruders upon his privacy, horrible thought, to be trussed up with holly and mistletoe, and frizzled alive on the huge altar in a wicker-work dutch-oven! I feel pale at the idea, for have I not somewhere read that these monsters are particularly fond of offering-up light-haired people at the beginning of the different seasons, and autumn is just setting in. Oh! horrible inspiration, why did I quit my safe and happy home to expose myself to such dire misfortunes? Oh! ah! aie! the covering of the tent moves; a moment of awful suspense (during which I fully sympathise with King Bombastes when his majesty felt very queer). A ar-arch-druid? no, a little decrepit old man of mild countenance appears, who advances towards us and explains the different objects with the nicest detail! I breath

"Stonehenge consists of two circles and two ovals. The outer circle was originally composed of upright stones, thirty in number, and on their tops were thirty other stones, placed in a horizontal position. Within this circle was a second circle of forty stones of rude form, and much less in height. Within this inner circle is a part of an oval consisting of five trilithons (i.e. three stones placed together like door posts, and a lintel). The height of the stones of the outer circle is about thirteen feet. The first pair of trilithons are upwards of sixteen feet high, or nearly two feet more, including the imposts. The next pair of trilithons are about seventeen feet high, and the

great trilithon, one of the stones of which has fallen on the altar-stone, is twenty-one feet six inches in

height.

This altar-stone, as it is called, measures about sixteen feet in length, and was, it is supposed, intended for some use connected with the ceremonies which were performed in this temple. At a distance of two hundred feet from the outer circle, in the avenue lead. ing to the temple, is an isolated stone, which seems to have been intended to direct the observations. at the solstice, of any one standing on the 'altar,' to the point of the rising of the summer sun.

The outer circle and the five trilithons are composed of a sandstone which is very hard on the outside, from exposure to the weather, but inside is so soft as to crumble to dust between the fingers. The stones are supposed to have been brought from the Vale of Pewsey, in the north of the country. The inner circle, inner oval, and the small trilithon of the outer oval, are of syenite or green-stone, which cannot be found nearer than North Wales, or Dartmoor in Devonshire; in fact, they are generally supposed to have been brought from Bettws-y-coed.

The altar-stone is, of course, blue marble, such as may be met within

Derbyshire.

I am indebted for most of my particulars and dimensions to a book placed in my hands by the intelligent old man I have previously mentioned, and who passes most of his time among the stones. He has published a work on the subject, but his hypothesis regarding the origin and use of Stonehenge seems to me rather absurd.

While we were inspecting the remains, the rain poured down steadily, and we were consequently obliged to make a shorter stay than we had originally intended. I tried to climb one of the stones to see if there was any view from the summit, and though well stimulated to the task by the pinches of my friend below, I failed in accom-

plishing it.

Two ladies in a waggonette came up while we were there, and after having descended from their vehicle into a pool of water and wetted their feet, apparently satisfied with this performance, they re-entered their conveyance and drove off.

Following their good example, we turned our face towards Salisbury, and the weather having cleared up, we diverged a little from our road in order to visit Old

in he and day,

This ancient place now consists of two huge mounds only, one on the top and inside of the other, both occupying a space of about seventy acres. There is a deep moat skirting the outer-ring or mound, and another separating it from the inner ring is excavated somewhat in the shape of a punchbowl. In former times the place was strongly fortified, and the cathedral stood within it, the town generally being disposed at the foot of the outer mound, where a small village now stands. Old Sarum lost its importance in the thirteenth century, when the site of the cathedral was removed to where it now stands, in consequence of dissensions between church and state, and a general desire on the part of the inhabitants to remove the town to a less exposed and more convenient situation. After this the place gradually dwindled until nothing remained of its original buildings, though it still returned members to Parliament, the elections being conducted under a tree! The Reform Bill of 1832, however, put an end to this anomaly.

This grand old relic of long-gone ages and its associations is so inviting a theme for reflection, that I cannot resist the temptation to reverie which is gradually stealing over me. Evening is drawing in, and though the day has been rainy, the scene around bears a mild autumnal aspect. We are standing on the highest ridge of the inner ring or mound, insignificant specks on the face of the huge mass of surrounding earthworks. The solitariness of the scene call up strange forms and associations : - this place,

now so desolate, once teemed with human life, and was tenanted by many of the noblest names on England's roll of fame.

As twilight begins to descend let us strive to pierce the dark mist of time. As we look more and more steadfastly, a form emerges with stately step, and stands before us. It is that of a man clad in the skins of wild animals, his hair is long and flowing, and his whole bearing majestic. As we continue to gaze, troops appear, some dressed in skins, their opponents, possessing more of the tokens of civilised life, -brazen helmets, cuirasses and shields, form their equipment, and a large eagle surmounts the stand, carried conspicuously in their van. He who till now stood before us, suddenly leaps into a chariot, studded with scythes upon its wheels; he heads his troops against the civilised invaders—the tide of battle varies; at length, however, the chariot is captured, and Caractacus is a prisoner in the hands of the Romans.

The images vanish, and we are again alone, but not for long—for another form soon emerges from the mist. A burly man wearing a tunic and conical cap, and having light flazen hair—his dress is disordered and bloodstained—he has evidently been lately engaged in True! for some great conflict. Cerdic has but recently gained a victory over the Britons, in his advance up the country to found the West-Saxon kingdom.

A man in nearly the same dress as the last, though of nobler and milder mien, next appears. His arms are folded—he is in soliloquy. "Must I, then, seek some lone retreat from these invaders? Aye! that will I, then, and concert more solid plans for their overthrow." The form recedes, and Alfred has gone to pass many a weary month

in the Swineherd's hut.

A circle of many men, clothed pretty much in the costume of Alfred, are assembled in a large building. They are presided over by one to whom deference is paid by the rest-he is evidently their chief. The conference is over, and its president, turning to one who has been sitting near him, says, "Ah! Ethelwolf, rumours have reached our ears of the exceeding comeliness of one Elfrida, daughter to our trusty Orgar of Devon, go thou and see whether the maid is truly as well-favoured as common fame reputeth her to be, for we would have her to wife." The scene closes. Alas! poor Ethelwolf, what

a sad fate was thine! Fifty years roll over, and the tide of battle again advances towards Sarum—the invaders are headed by a man of northern appearance and fierce aspect, apparently as much inured to the hardships of the sea as to those of the land. He urges on his troops to indiscriminate slaughter-shrieks resound in all directions — blood covers ground—flames rise up to end the miseries of the wounded survivors of this horrid tragedy—and Sweyn has taken a fearful revenge for the slaughter of the Danes, by the weak and wicked King of Angle-

Years pass on, and a man of warlike appearance, clad in mail, with a device on his shield, is haranguing an assembly of nobles. He exacts an oath of fealty from them—the meeting dissolves; and William the Conqueror has for a time averted another rebellion from the land.

Ten years more, and a man with red hair is denouncing, in violent language, the conduct of certain men, his nobles. A council sits in judgment, and condemns the conspirators, who are then led to execution; and base, crafty William Rufus has triumphed over the opponents of his despotic rule.

Years again fleet by us, and the din of battle resounds in our ears—this time, however, the dresses and appearance of the combatants are the same on both sides. They are only to be distinguished from one another by their cries. "The queen!—the queen!" is shouted by one faction—"The king!—the king!" is the rallying-cry of the other. The forces of the king at length, gradu-

ally overpowered, take to flight, and Matilda enjoys a short-lived triumph over her cousin Stephen.

Time continues to pass, and trumpets resound in the neighbourhood. Gaily accoutred horsemen pass to and fro on the plain A temporary oval beneath us. building of large dimensions stands not far from us. Within it are seated the rank and beauty of the realm, gazing at a scene passing in the centre of the area; knights on horseback at either end of the building, are preparing for an onset; the trumpet sounds - they advance, meet, and some, recoiling from the shock, fall to the ground. The scene closes; and the great tournaments under Henry II. are gone for ever.

In a few years more, many people may be seen piling their goods together, ready for removal, and deserting their houses. In the plain below, a scene of some solemnity is being enacted. single stone is suspended in midair, many people surround it, those in its more immediate neighbourhood being habited in white robes. One of these, a venerable-looking man, advances towards the stone, which is lowered into the bed prepared for it; and Bishop Poor, in the name of the Holy Trinity, declares the foundation stone of the new cathedral to be duly laid.

Years roll on, and Old Sarum is gradually deserted for the new city, no person of any note being connected with it. But stay-1 am wrong-for see, yet another figure rises out of the gloom, and advances towards me. His dress differs from any that I have yet seen in my musings; his hose fit to his legs, and are diversified with many stripes; his tunic-though open in front, displaying a particoloured vest-is round, and fits closely to his person; his headdress consists of a stupendous black cylinder, which appears to be hollow, and towards the head terminates in a broad margin; in his hand he bears his staff of office, to which is attached a long streamer of yellowish tinge; his steps are slow and stately, exhibiting a graceful curve in the lower limbs at each movement; suddenly he stops, and, in tones of the deepest import, the apparition gives utterance to the momentous warning, that "Thecarriage is a-waitin'," and so it is! Recalled from reverie, we rapidly quit Old Sarum, over which the shades of night are now deepening, and are driven back towards Salisbury.

### A WIFE WANTED.

I WANT a wife
To cheer my life;
I care not what she lacks of beauty,
So I but find
That she is kind,
And knows and practises her duty.

I want a wife
Averse to strife—
A gentle, unaffected creature;
One who can pass
A looking-glass,
Nor stop to glance at every feature.

I want a wife
With vigour rife,
Whose nerves are never in a flutter;
Who will not roam,
But stay at home,
And brew and bake, and make the butter.

I want a wife
Who through her life
Was never known to be a flirt;
Who'll bring to me
A recipe
To keep the buttons on a shirt.

If such a one
Dwells 'neath the sun,
And don't mind leaving friends behind her,
With the author of this
She'll find true bliss
By informing him where he may find her.

C. M.

# COUNTRY COMMISSIONS AND COUNTRY COUSINS.

THE hospitality of the country has been, time out of mind, proverbial, while that of large cities, the metropolis in particular, remains of very doubtful repute. Nor are country friends satisfied with merely receiving their friends from London or the country town at their own houses, but, at particular seasons of the year, make up huge baskets of poultry, game, and other acceptable presents, which they despatch per coach, carriage paid, to the residence of the parties for whom they are intended. Few or no returns are made of the kind from London; and when country people come to town, it is not often that they find spare beds for their accommodation, but are compelled to take up their abode at some notel, in which they pay dearly for numerous discomforts. In behalf of the Londoners, it may be urged that the presents which they receive are usually the product of the farm of the donor, probably easily spared, although that does not detract from the value of the gift; and that they, in making a suitable return, must actually purchase the articles which they desire to send. It may also be insinuated that, in going down to a family in the country, the visitors from town rarely make any serious disturbance in the arrangements of the establishment; they fall readily into the hours and pursuits of their hosts-in fact, having little choice in the matter, since they are in a great degree dependent upon their will and pleasure. Excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood may be proposed. but they must be formed entirely to suit the convenience of the family; and it not unfrequently happens that the Londoners return to London without having seen anything beyond a walk; unsettled weather, lame horses, colds, a heavy turnpike, or a very difficult road, having prevented every other indulgence. Visitors, moreover, from London, bring to their country friends, in new fashions, new ideas, and the freshest tattle of the high circles, something which renders their visits a good deal of a treat, while country friends visiting Londoners have nothing corresponding to make their advent in the same degree agreeable. If, however, the exchange in affairs of hospitality be thus somewhat unfavourable to the provinces, it is more than compensated by the advanvantages which they enjoy in the great business of commissions.

Ladies in the country read, in London newspapers, flaming advertisements relative to extraordinary bargains, such as superb silk opera cloaks at one pound fifteen. Eager not to lose an opportunity of purchasing at so low a price, they request a friend at the northern or western extremity of London togo to some unheard-of place across the bridges, and lay out one pound fifteen on a silk opera cloak. The article turns out to be mere rubbish-a faded sarsnet, half cotton in the first instance, and in the second wholly lined with calico. The shop people do not undertake to send their goods home; a hackney-coach must be engaged, or a porter paid by the purchaser, who does not like to add this item to the account; and, after a very disagreeable walk to a very disagreeable part of the town, a positive outlay of several shillings is incurred. Then the parcel must be sent to the coach office and booked; and if it should not be convenient to employ one of the servants upon this errand, a man must be hired at a farther expense. By return of coach, back comes the parcel, with a very cross letter, requesting that the cloak may be exchanged for something else, value one pound fifteen, should the deluding vendor of such a vamped. up take-in refuse to refund the money; and the person thus commissioned is particularly enjoined to read the people of the shop a severe lecture for their shameful

imposition.

Another friend, who has been in town herself, and has found out, by her own unassisted talents, a remarkably cheap shop in some exceedingly disreputable street, which she thinks does not signify in such a place as London, sends a long list of commissions to be purchased at this identical emporium, and no other. The matching of the exact shades of silk, ribbon, and velvet, takes an hour at least: then it is found that the quality is not equal to the pattern; and this objection being got over, another fearful discovery is made -the goods have risen twopence or threepence in the yard, prices fluctuating exceedingly in this establishment, particularly when an additional quantity of any article purchased upon some former occasion is wanted. A certain sum, calculated to the uttermost farthing, has been remitted for the payment of the bill, and the difference of the sum-total at the bottom of the account must be explained, and then, though no discretionary powers whatsoever were permitted, it is thought exceedingly odd that the friend would not take the trouble to go to some other shop. Occasionally a sort of roving commission is given to a party resident in London, to purchase anything remarkably cheap that may happen to fall in the way-gloves, ribbons, muslin dresses, &c.; the country family having been so astonished at the prices paid for the tasteful articles worn by their town visitor. The dresses, ribbons, and gloves, are bought and forwarded-immense bargains-which are expected to give great satisfaction; but the ladies did not happen to want gloves at that particular time. They had just bought a large quantity of ribbons of the same colour, and a person has opened a shop in the neighbouring town, and sold dresses of exactly the

same pattern, a little damaged, perhaps, here and there, at half the price. Worse, still; somebody has heard of a certain specific for the toothache, the tincture of Borneo, which used to be sold at a shop in Holborn. All the patentmedicine shops in Holborn are searched through. They have it not. One pert retailer takes upon himself to say that such a thing never existed, and recommends another infalliable remedy instead. A second recollects to have heard something about the tincture of Borneo, and directs the inquirer to an obscure shop in Little Eastcheap, in which many obsolete articles are still to be found. Lavender-water, or something else which is not wanted, and which proves to be execrable, is purchased out of gratitude for this man's civility. Little Eastcheap is found, but the shop has been pulled down, and a gin-palace erected in its stead.

Another letter states that Mrs. Brooke, of Woodbine Cottage, has just returned from London, and has appeared at Sir John Smithton's ball in a most superb suite of ornaments, quite fit for court, and very superior in appearance to any worn by Lady Smithson. It has been discovered that they are not real diamonds, though they would always be taken for precious stones, but Karalattee diamonds, and that they are set in imitation gold, and only cost five pounds. What a sum!—five pounds for a tiara, necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and sevigne of the most brilliant description. The correspondent is, of course, excessively desirous to possess herself of a set of Karalattee diamonds, and proceeds to say, that although Mrs. Brooke is exceedingly close upon the subject, a clue has been found to the place in which they are to be sold, uncle Oliver perfectly recollecting, when he was last in town, having seen Karalattee diamonds written up in a shop window in a small street leading out of Snowhill-he forgets whether it was on the right or left hand side, but remembers that it was next door to a tobacconist's,

and that there was a greengrocer at the corner. Many other interesting paragraphs follow, items of county news, and projected balls, at which it would be very desirable to sport the Karalattee diamonds. At length, after the letter has been signed and sealed, it has been re-opened, and a postscript added to this effect-" Uncle Oliver has just called, and he can't be quite certain whether it was the Minories or Snowhill in which he turned down the little street, and was struck with the ornaments in the shop-window; but pray find out, for I shall not rest until I have a set of Karalattee diamonds, and it will be only taking a walk that way instead of going into the Park." You proceed accordingly next day to the eastern part of the city, and spend a whole forenoon in an endeavour to discover the place which Uncle Oliver so obscurely remembered, but all in vain; for though there were abundance of tobacconists and greengrocers in the situations described, there was no corresponding jeweller's, and no bill in any window announcing five-pound suites of ornaments.

You are that evening in the act of writing an account of your unsuccessful mission, when you receive another letter from your rural friend, eagerly countermanding the imitation gold and Karalattee diamonds, as a sudden necessity has arisen for her going into mourning. An aunt has died, and your friend announces herself as residuary legatee. Regrets and lamentations for the loss of this beloved relative are mingled with some pleasing saticipations concerning the probable amount of the bequest. A small lock of hair is enclosed, with a request that a handsome mourning-ring may be ordered without delay-not any common trumpery sort of thing, but one that will evince the respect paid to the memory of the deceased. A ieweller is found, who, after showing all his collection, none of which appear to answer the description given in the letter,

suggests that it will be advisable to have one made with a diamond, all handsome mourning-rings having diamonds. The epistle is referred to, and common-place trash being strictly prohibited, the ring with the diamond is ordered. It is large, of fine water, and the whole will cost twelve guineas. The ring and the bili are sent—and returned. Doubts by this time have been entertained respecting the sum that will remain to the residuary legatee, after all the demands upon the estate have been paid. The ring is therefore a great deal too expensive, and quite a different sort of thing from that which the mourner had any intention of purchasing. The ring is taken back to the shop, and the jeweller says that he will be very happy to put it into his glass-case, and give it every chance of sale; but, such things being mere matters of taste, it is not very probable that he will meet with a purchaser, and that no one will give the original cost; he might possibly get eight or ten guineas for it, nothing more. The value of the diamond is urged and admitted; the diamond is really valuable, but so much depends upon fancy in the way in which it is set, that there is no saying what its value may be now. Three months afterwards, the ring is sent to the party who ordered it, as perfectly unsaleable. A new arrangement is to be made. A mourning-ring not being wanted, the jeweller is asked to take it in exchange for something else. He does not object, but, after mature consideration, can only allow three guineas. It is amusing now to hear the article disparaged by the same lips which had so vaunted it before. It was necessary to put so much alloy in the gold, in order to work it up into that particular fashion, that the gold really is scarcely worth any. thing; and as for the diamond, the market is overstocked with diamonds-a diamond necklace may now be had for a mere song. None but the maker would allow so much as three guineas; for the materials were the smallest part of the affair,

it was the workmanship and the fashion which formed the expensive portion, and the fashion had altered fashions were always altering: a thing might be worth, say fifty pounds to-day, and not five tomorrow. The twelve guineas are paid, and something in addition for taking out the black enamel, and making the ring wearable by a person not in mourning for a beloved aunt; the only advantage arising out of the whole transaction being experience gained in the intrinsic value of trinkets.

As an illustration of the inconveniences sometimes produced in London by the irruptions of country cousins, we must introduce our readers to a host and hostess who live in a quiet, retired, genteel street, at the west end of the town; their establishment consists of a footman and three female servants, and they have a carriage with jobhorses. Their habits are regular; they enjoy the gaieties of London soberly and with discretion, seldom being from home long after midnight, and not likely to go out more than one or two evenings at the utmost. There are families who live in this rational way in London, though such a state of things does notappear creditable to the country people, who, from their own experience, associate the metropolis with constant tumult, confusion, racket, and dissipation. Our friends, the Melvilles, receives intimation that a distant connection, a lady, with her three daughters, will come and spend a few weeks with them in the spring. Preparations are being made for their reception. Mrs. Melville gives up her dressing-room for the time, the female domestics are packed closer together to make room for the attendant upon the strangers, and various other sacrifices are contemplated with the utmost cheerful-The Hanburys arrive, but new arrangements are to be made after the first night. Miss Hanbury has been dreadfully annoyed by some noises in the neighbouring Mews, and will go up into the front attic, which has been prepared for stairs. The servants declare that

her maid, who can sleep anywhere. Then she must have a larger looking-glass, and another chest of drawers, and twenty things beside. The party are determined to make the most of their time, and to see every thing; they have long lists of places which they must visit, places of which the Melvilles have never heard. The time of the master of the house is fully occupied by going about to procure admissions for show-houses and picture-galleries, getting boxes at the theatres, tickets for private views, rehearsals, &c. Every exhibition, must be taken in turn; everything examined at the British Museum, and nothing overlooked. All the hours are altered, early dinners to go to the play, and late dinners to make a long morning. The house is a thoroughfare for tradespeople; at all periods and seasons there is a levee at the door of men laden with bandboxes, blue bags, and packing-cases. Every corner in every apartment is occupied by some new purchase; and there is a constant bunt and hue-andcry after articles that are wanted. All the ladies are afraid of fire, and of thieves, and attribute any circumstance for which they cannot account to one of these two calamities. They expected, on coming to London, to be robbed, and burned out before they quitted it, and these catastrophes are consequently ever uppermost in their minds. Should either of the four sustain any disturbance in the night, or waken with a palpitation of the heart, the result perhaps of indigestion, the windows are thrown open, and the policeman called in. The neighbours remonstrate the next day; but it is of no use. Fire and thieves are too serious things to be trifled with, and there is no reason that every alarm is to be false like the first. Few nights therefore pass without a tumult of some kind or other-a knocking at the wainscot, to know whether the sleepers in the next room have heard anything extraordinary, or a simultaneous rush of the whole party on the

if such a state of affairs continue, they must give warning; they have neither rest by night, nor peace by day. The cook is obliged to prepare a meal every hour for some one or other of the party who cannot be present at the regular repast, and, what is worst, the poor woman says that she never gives satisfaction. Not an individual will touch poultry in London. fish, not having the flavour of that brought to the midland counties, is said to be tasteless and uneatable. They get tired of beef; veal is unwholesome, and there are as many tricks played with it as with the poultry. Mutton is out of season, and none of them like lamb, while all the vegetables must of course be stale. The footman is running about all day to get hackneycoaches, and is involved in eternal squabbles with the coachmen, who, when the ladies say they have only taken him a short distance, declares that he has been detained a hour at a shop-door, and charges of course for his time; while the housemaids do nothing but run up and down stairs from morning until night.

Sunday shines—no day of rest for the Melvilles. There are popular preachers to be heard in all parts of the town, and there is a hurry-scurry to get to St. Giles's, the Magdalen, or Pentonville. Then mistakes are made between Clapham and Clapton, and they go to the wrong place, coming back tired to death, but in time for the Zoological Gardens, which though they utterly disapprove, as being highly improper, they may visit once and away, without being guilty of the enormity practised by the people of London, who attend regularly for three months in the year. Miss Hanbury is one of those persons who are never surprised or delighted with anything. She thinks nothing at all of London. It is not even so large as she had expected; she cannot endure the Regent's Park; and as for Regent Street, it is only well enough; while she is quite disappointed with the show at the

Drawing Room. Having a talent for finding fault, she exercises it upon all occasions. She has been told that the opera at Paris is superior to that of London; the dancers are all second-rate, and would not be looked upon on the Continent; the house, though large, is mean, and the audience altogether indifferent. There are quite as good shops, she thinks, at Northampton, and the acting at the theatre is immeasurably superior. The people are better dressed, give better dinners, and certainly better suppers, at Northampton, and the gaslights are not so far apart; in fact, she is quite disappointed by the lighting of London, where carriages are continually turning into dark streets. Miss Charlotte Hanbury is a prude, and abhors London upon principle. The women are all bold. She detects rouge in every high complexion, and suspects pearl powder in every fair skin. Whenever she happened to be at home, she was at the window watching the neighbours; she ferreted out the name and calling of every inhabitant in the street, and took away the characters of most of them. She had counted eleven duns at one door in a morning, and she had ascertained that the tax-gatherer went away from half the houses unpaid. talked of calling upon some families to acquaint them with the misdoings of their servants-how the maids ran out to talk to their sweethearts, and how they took the opportunity of their masters' and mistresses' absence to flourish in silk pelisses and lace veils, while the footmen carried the newspapers down into the kitchen to read, and examined all the stray letters lying about. The Melvilles were astonished to hear of the extravagance and the depravity of the people, who for many years had appeared to them to be quite as respectable as themselves, and were a little annoyed when Miss Charlotte told a lady with whom they were acquainted, and who lived a few doors off, that she had more visitors than all the rest of the people in the street, and that she never got up until half-past eleven o'clock, an act of delinquency which was considered quite monstrous in the

country.

Many and various were the adventures which befell the party. At one time they insisted upon going to a theatre which their uncle Oliver had visited when in town, and which he declared to be better worth seeing than any of those of higher reputation. This place of public entertainment they ascertained, after writing into the country, to be at the back of Smithfield, and thither, having enlisted a beau or two, they chose to go; for, though the Melvilles entertained no predilection for such places, they found it necessary to thwart their visitors in so many of their schemes, that they were glad to accomplish any that seemed The carriages were feasible. ordered at half-past ten, as it was supposed that the performance would be over early, and having dismissed them, the party walked down a long, covered passage, very dimly lighted, to a dirty entrance. They were ushered into the most horrible den imaginable, filled with an audience of the lowest description. It became necessary to make a speedy retreat, and upon emerging into open air, they found the streets running with water, from a copious shower falling at the time; no coach was procurable for at least a mile; and wet, tired, and out of temper, the pleasure-seekers returned home, convinced that Uncle Oliver must have made a mistake. Mr. Melville sent down to the stables to countermand the carriage; but the coachman, thinking it expedient to put up in the neighbourhood of the theatre, was still in Smithfield. A messenger was therefore to be despatched, and of course missed him, and the horses were consequently kept out for nothing until two o'clock in the morning.

The Hanbury's found great fault with London society; it was either too stiff, or too much the reverse, affording a license of speech which

they did not approve, without the cordiality which made meetings in the country so agreeable. whole quartette came home exceedingly displeased from a ball which the Melvilles vainly hoped would have afforded them gratification. Mrs. Hanbury could not find anybody to play at long whist, and called shorts at half-crown points gambling of a most frightful nature. Miss Hanbury found her partner very stupid, having nothing to say but what she had heard a dozen times before; while Miss Charlotte complained that hers was a very impertinent, unprincipled person. He pretended that he did not know that there was such a place in London as Woburn Square. believed that Russell Square might be marked out upon the map; but he was totally unacquainted with the north-eastern suburbs of London. He went to his banker in the City, and to his club in St. James's, and those were the only localities with which he was familiar. Susan had not been more fortunate, for she came home nearly frightened to death by an alarming account given by one of the gentlemen with whom she had danced, and corroborated by the others, of the insecurity of the chandeliers. In short, from the numerous details which she had heard of accidents resulting from the weaknesss of the timbers in London houses, she was convinced that chandeliers were constantly coming down and crushing all the dancers. One in the Regent Park had absolutely fallen through the floor, and ruined the supper in the dining-room below. The Melvilles had confidently expected that some of their guests would be knocked up after the first week, and were astonished by the extraordinary power of endurance, both mental and bodily, which they displayed. Day after day, night after night, did they scour over the town in their eagerness to fulfil every object of their visit to the metropolis. As the season advanced, they became desirous to explore the environs. Parties were therefore made to the Beulah Spa,

to Richmond, Greenwich, Woolwich, and Gravesend, Epsom races, Ascot races, Egham, and Hampton Court races-in short, nothing could be talked of without exciting a desire to witness it. The novelty and excitement for a while performed wonders; but at length the time of nature's revenge arrived, and the house of the Melvilles became a kind of hospital. soon as one recovered from a bilious fever, another fell ill from the effects of a neglected cough, which threatened to settle on the lungs. Mrs. Hanbury had a dreadful attack of erysipelas, and Susan was always in hysterics. All their complaints were attributed to the bad air of London, the closeness of the sleeping-rooms, and the unwholesomeness of the When sufficiently recovered to travel, they returned to the neigh bourhood of Northampton, with very confused notions of the great metropolis which they had left, and

with a perfect conviction that nothing could be more comfortless than the manner in which people were obliged to live in London. No representations sufficed to persuade them that it was not actually necessary to create such a toil and turmoil. They had found it indispensable, and were confirmed in their opinion of the danger they had run, by the news. papers which recorded a dreadful fire in Bloomsbury, and a most daring robbery in Montague. The return of the Melsquare. villes to quiet was delayed by the necessary cleaning and repairing which their house and its furniture required after the departure of their guests; but when this was accomplished, the novel feeling of relief and peace with which they settled down once more in their old ways, was among the most delightful sensations they had ever experienced in their lives.

### RECORDS OF WHITECROSS STREET PRISON.

A Gentleman of the Press—Desperate's Antecedents—The Actor—The Tailor's Disgraceful Account of Himself—The Dirty Welshman and his Tricks—The Swindling Foreign Count and his Supporters—The Irish Mexican Traveller and his Exploits—Stupendous Undertaking; Employment for Everybody—The Mad Attorney—A Canting Humbug—The Jew who Couldn't Write attempts to Cut his Throat—The Scotchman Outwitted—The Acrobat's Tumbling Introduction—The Ruined and Demented Lover.

A SQUEAKY voice, emanating from a bulky body, attracted the attention of the two friends. colonel recognised this man immediately, and, having exchanged eivilities, continued their pro-menade. Moss could not keep his eyes off this man. He must have weighed at least eighteen stone, and was tall in proportion, but rather inclined to obesity. A large, long, flowing beard nearly covered his breast, and he really appeared what he was, a careless, rollicking scamp. He had been a handsome man, but his gallantries had enervated his frame considerably. The whole picture was changed the moment his mouth uttered squeaking sounds, not unlike the first articulation of an infant. "That is another of our notable characters," observed Desperate; "he is, and has been for thirty years, 'a gentleman of the press.' Everyone knows him. Some years ago he was connected with a scurrilous publication, and was in the invariable habit of walking with a stick as thick as your wrist. This he was obliged to do for selfpreservation, for many, whose feelings and characters had been violated, had sworn to thrash him whenever and wherever they met him. Therefore this bludgeon was essentially requisite—and he would have used it, too, if need had been. That man has, in his time, squandered not less than half a million of other people's money, in speculating in newspapers! Mind, he never had any money of his own, but he possessed the persuasive power, notwithstanding the squeak, in no ordinary degree. He would show such enormous profits and contingent fortunes, upon paper, as fairly dazzled the optics

of speculative minds. He has experienced the ups and downs of life and fortune. In his own words, he says,—

"When in luck I rides in chaises, When out of luck I walks like blazes."

No sooner had he hooked a gudgeon than he emerged from a chrysalis to a full-blown butterfly; from the depths of poverty and an empty garret, to a suite of elegant drawing-rooms, at the West-end. And here he continues as long as the supplies are furnished, which ought to have been appropriated in furtherance of his newspaper scheme. He cared not whether the speculation flourished or fell—he lived for to-day, and let the morrow provide for itself. He is one of the most selfish, unscrupulous rascals under the sun-incontinent and licentious.

"With common prudence he might have lived respectably, but as he never did anyone a favour, and would just as soon cheat an acquaintance as a stranger, he has not, nor ever had, a friend, or a single individual, who could speak well of him. He is now so universally known, that no one will have any connection with him; and I will be bound to say, his selfishness is such, that he will live here while his family are in a state of destitution outside. No one could ever discover one single redeeming quality in his heart, mind, or inclination; and, finally, I verily believe he is throroughly despised by every real gentleman connected with our newspaper and periodical Not a very creditable press. addition to our community, I think.

"Why, Colonel," observed Mr. Moss; "you seem to know the birth, parentage, and education, of all these questionable characters."

"Yes," replied the colonel, a little confused; "you see I have been knocking about the world a good deal, and, I must admit, been somewhat lax in my conduct and choice of my associates; so I have come in contact with such a variety of characters, together with reading the public journals, and, having a very retentive memory, I am enabled to enlighten my friends

occasionally."

"' Oh no, we never mention her, Ah my deah Colonel, met once more, but not at Phillipi." This was said by another of the freshmen of the morning. "'pon my s-l, I am delighted, ravished, enchanted to see you, even heah. What! the old game, eh? Extravagant dog; never learn by experience. See, all my wild oats have been thrashed out of me these six months—got married—turned sober Benedict-cut all naughty boys like yourself—rusticated and now domesticated-happy dog!lovely wife !—good tempered loving little soul as ever you could wish to see; and she looks upon your humble servant as a heathen does upon an idol. Never was so happy in my life; and we have never been separated before this unhappy occurrence happened. The dear little soul will break her heart, I know she will; for she told me so, and I always found her atruthful speaker, a rather sad anticipation, is it not? But women are such silly things; mind, I don't think their hearts are formed like ours, for you never hear of a man breaking his heart. It must be a funny sensation; but the worst of it is, no one lives to give us any information on that point. I have begged and prayed of her not to do such a foolish thing; but she insists upon it, and says her heart is so fragile that she knows it must burst. I have shown her how very disagreeable-in fact, disgusting-it would be; for if such a calamity were to happen, there is not an emetic in the pharmacopæa which would eject it from her stomach. 'No matter,' she says, 'what is life without me; what is a heart if there is not another to feel for it,' as the song says. And she has just left me with the full determination to break her heart! But, I say, you lack your usual good manners; you have not introduced me in form to your friend. Naughty boy!"

"Yes, I have been remiss," returned Desperate. "Mr. Jonathan Moss, Mr. What name do you go by now?"

"Really, Colonel, you are incorrigible!" Then turning to Moss, he said, "Of course, you understand our friend's facetiousness, but he sometimes makes me vexed : he has known me these dozen years, and

"True, I have known you that length of time, and by just as many

names."

"Upon my s-1 this is beyond a joke! You see, Mr. Moss, I am a theatrical character, and we seldom go by our own names,-why, I cannot comprehend; but doubtless you have read the flattering critiques upon one humble individual called Kembleton. That, sir, is my name; and you will observe, that by descent, as my name would imply, I belong to the great and talented family of the Kembles of histrionic history; a name so superlatively above the Keans and other small fry, that a man may well be proud of such ancestors, and pardoned for that pride. I have traversed England, Ireland, Scotland, and every place where talent is appreciated and rewarded. I have starred it in most of our cities, and I could show you the sentiments expressed by all the provincial press as to my talent, and the just conception and reading with which I render the parts of the immortal bard. I have played-

"The devil," interrupted Desperate, with infinite disgust, "and the sooner you make an exit the I shall be pleased—so better

anon."

"Ah, Colonel, you are unkindungenerous. I am no egotist ; all I require is to be appreciated and encouraged, when my talent will convince the world that the legitimate drama should not decline for want of a sufficient representative."

Then, in the true Jerrimy-Diddler style, he inquired how the Colonel was breeched? If the exchequer or treasury was in a flourishing condition, or if his friend was like himself, stumped up?

The Colonel cut this fellow short by requesting him to keep his observations to himself; as also to associate with his like, for he was not fit company for gentlemen.

"Well," retorted the actor,
"this beats cockfighting all to
smithers! we are riding the high
horse, are we? Ho, ho, ho! This
certainly is something to astonish
the Browns! As my company is
not to your liking just now, my
name on this occasion is Walker,
so, allons! It was not so when
you and I travelled in the soap
line! Those were halcyon days—
days, indeed, when we sat under a
hedge, and—"

Desperate turned upon the man in a towering passion, vowing instant annihilation if his audacity and insolence were not immediately stopped. The good temper of the actor, for such he was, gave place to a torrent of retaliation, not very much to the credit of our Colonel. who smarted under the infliction, and said, "No man living shall ever presume to threaten me with impunity, far less shall one whose obligations to me are of a grave consideration to a grateful mind. The actor said 'I bite my thumb' at you, for an ingrate braggadocio! and, so, sir," addressing Mr. Moss, "you will find to your cost if you do not take heed." He turned upon his heel, saying-

"Bill Bounce, the swell cove, is out of luck."

Desperate's attempt to conceal his mortification was too transparent; he therefore turned to Moss, and said kindly, "I am dreadfully annoyed, Moss, and crave your indulgence;" in a few minutes, "Richard will be himself again." This was said with a sickly smile, between pride and tears.

There was a little tailor whose

wit was of the genuine order, but so intermixed with blackguardism and indecency, as made it quite shocking and disgusting to hear. Yet, when he chose to be tolerable, he could keep the room in a roar. It was real, genuine wit, and original withal. From his own account he called himself a "wifepensioner;" in explanation of which he would say, "Yes, sir, we had a lodger, an old bloke with plenty of money—a valetudinarian, living by rule-weighing every article of food he consumed. He was very partial to my wife and little daughter, taking them with him into the country, and remaining there for weeks. Of course, we were very attentive to him, but he never took much notice of me. I was nobody in his eyes, and, in fact, I think he hated my presence in the house. My wife as good as told me so, and hinted that I ought not to intrude upon them at meal time! That was cool, was'nt it?"

Here some one said, "And did you agree to that humiliation?"

"In course I did," was the reply, "and from that day I made myself comfortable in the kitchen—"

"And were fed with the crumbs from the rich man's table," said a jolly old sailor.

" Crumbs?" repeated the tailor, "no, not exactly crumbs; for we had the joint as it was brought down from the dinner. I was more than attentive to the man, which seemed to displease him greatly, and he never seemed so happy as when he carried my wife and child from home. I did once remonstrate with my wife, but she called me a fool. She knew how to get round the dear old man, desiring me to mind my own business. This was not very affectionate; but I put up with all this, in the hope that I should be remembered in his will. Well, he died, and I undertook to lay him out and make him comfortable. When he was buried and the will read, he had left every scudduck to my wife and would you believe it !- to my daughter, Charlotte, four thousand pounds

and the reversion, after my wife's I wonder the relations did death. not dispute the will, on the plea of insanity; for how could my daughter, Charlotte, be his daughter?"

"Why, you idiot!" exclaimed the sailor, with considerable contempt, "it is plain enough she was

his child—not yours."

"Do you mean to say that my wife-

"Is no better than she should be, and you have been a panderer to your wife's passions, caring little for her honour, if she ever had any, living, as you have done, upon the proceeds of her dishonour. .

All this was said by the old sailor. "Now, gents," the tailor said, "this is too bad; he he has called my wife a prostitute—I must have vengeance—I must have that man's blood; nothing less will satisfy my wounded honour, and my wife's

chastity. I will—"
"Bah!" said the sailor; "bah! to such a goose. Why, man, you should have been ashamed to tell us all this. Your honour, forsooth, and my blood to satisfy it! Go, dolt; you are not a man, or you would have kicked the old bloke, as you are pleased to term him, out of the house, and your wife after him. Let us hear no more of your disgraceful life—it disgusts me with mankind!"

The little tailor was shut up; he was merely telling what good fortune befel him, being quite obtuse as to the questionable means by which his wife became enriched.

Mr. Cook directed attention to a gaunt, raw-boned, ungainly fellow, whose appearance for filth and slovenliness was disgusting. There was scarcely a whole rag of clothing to hide his nakedness; and as for shoes, he had not enjoyed their luxury or comfort for months. He is a native of Wales, and prides himself as to his descent from a renowned prince of the Principality. who caused much bloodshed and annoyance to the troops sent to quell his rebellious spirit. It is quite true, he bore the same patronymic, and hundreds in his locality do so likewise; but as to anything like consanguinity, there was none. Like his countrymen generally, he was passionate and headstrong; quarrelling with everyone upon the slightest occasion, or without occasion if in an ill-humour. When in those fits of passion it used to be said of him, "that his skin didn't fit him." However, he had undergone fearful privations; often fed upon the bounty of his fellows; for, such was his indomitable pride, that he would have starved to death, rather than have partaken of the bounteous succour provided for those on the county side.

He was persuaded by the man called John, of whom much has been recorded in this narrative, to sue a person in Wales for an alleged debt of £5. Now, it may surprise many persons to be told, that the Sheriffs' Court of London possesses a jurisdiction in Wales. Such. however, is the fact, and out of this court process was issued, our dirty friend, John, opining that the defendant would remit the amount claimed rather than litigate the demand at such a distance from his Had this been so, our home. Welshman and John were to have divided the spoil. But the defendant had Welsh blood in his veins also; and the national fiery temper urged him to resist this sham de-He therefore resolved to rebut the claim in person, accompanied by witnesses of competent respectability which would have ensured him a verdict. He and his companions duly arrived in London, attended the court, and when the cause was brought on, there was no plaintiff in waiting! So there could be no trial, after all! This was a gratuitous piece of villany; it was an attempt to extort money under a false plea; but the defendant had no remedy against a wretchedly poor rascal, already in durance. So the determined Welshman had to retrace his steps, minus thirtyfive pounds—the amount expended in resisting a false claim.

Another Count now claims our attention. Of course, bearded and moustached up to the He did eyes, and—a foreigner.

not quite come up to the audacity of James Nesbit, already noticed, but he gave himself so many airs and graces, assuming such a decided superiority over his associates, as rendered him not only contemptible but disgustingly offensive. It is unaccountable how such very suspicious individuals contrive to get credit from our money-loving countrymen. It is so, however, beyond doubt, as the annals of our police courts sufficiently verify. "A foreign Count on our books, my dear sir! Never asks the price of an article, buys largely, and his patronage is worth something." So argue the tradesmen of England; not of London only, but those of the whole realm, are placed at the mercy of these rapacious rascals.

A Frenchman who was also confined here, knew this Count remarkably well, and he termed this fellow a chevalier d'industrie, who had taken refuge on our shores from the attentive surveillance of the Paris police. His career was so like the other swindling scamps, that we may spare the reader a capitulation of his exploits. His character had followed him too closely to give him a fair start; his will being extraordinary, but his deeds nipped in the bud. But there is one thing very remarkable, which we have noticed elsewhere, and which cannot be too often or too forcibly brought to the knowledge of our countrywomen. These men, taking advantage of the weakness of our females, who are smitten at first sight by the appearance of these scamps, invariably inveigle some silly young creature into their meshes, and so artfully insinuate themselves into their good opinions that they acquire a hold upon their actions, if not upon their affections, which generally leads to loss of character and to sin. This is known full well, but it never acts as a caution. Hundreds fall into the vortex, never to be reclaimed.

A true-hearted Englishman may be cool and calculating, the very soul of honour and honesty; but VOL. XIII.

what chance has he in competition with the sprightly, brilliant foreigner, suspected to be no better than he should be?

We have said this fellow's career had been circumscribed, and so he was taken in hand by the fallen angels of the softer sex, who lavished their ill-got gold to support him in luxury and idleness. What is further remarkable is, that it was not one individual of this class who contributed to his wants and extravagance, but several, and he was continually surrounded by those unhappy creatures, flaunting in siks and satins, lavishing their gifts with no stint, and in every variety of form. Now, it would be imagined that such a character would be despised and shunned; not so, however—he was petted and flattered by a servile few, who fattened upon the spoils supplied by these thoughtless and abandoned women.

" There's not in this wild world a valley so sweet." This was the refrain suug by a dirty little object -an Irishman-sporting a shabby white hat, and a crape once black, encircling it. He was a huge snufftaker, which so impaired his articulation, that his nasal organ was called into requisition-his brogue was significant, and not unpleasant. His forte was punning, at which he was exceedingly elever and witty. He would say: "Yes, sir, by this and by that, all I am here for is suspicion upon a l-y bill of £30; while I have a hundred times that amount due to meself. Oh, bother your English laws, to confine a rale Irish gentleman for so paltry a consideration. I only wish I could decide the thrifle by wager of battle-wouldn't I just flourish a stout shillelagh over some of their bones. Why, sir, I have rendered to your rascally government such services, and have undergone such unheard-of risks and dangers as would entitle any other man to the highest honours and dignity. But, you see, I am an Irishman, one of that persecuted country whose blood is considered so cheap as to flood the rivers."

The fact is, that this Irish gentleman was a bit of a scamp, and had been engaged in speculations of doubtful character. Himself and two others, also inmates of this place, endeavoured to raise a company; however, the only progress made was taking offices, furnishing them, and then pawning the mahogany chairs—supplied on credit, of course—one at a time, to support their appearances. Alas! the public, for once, were cautious, and the whole fell through. "Ah, sir, it was a stupendous affair, nothing like it out—an Irish bank, sur, to supersede all the oldfashioned cribs, and send them to smithereens! But Englishmen have no pluck, or they would have supported this scheme, and enriched themselves beyond the powers of calculation. Oh, it was a magnificent idea, worthy of the man whose gigantic mind projected it—and that is meself."

This man had been of a roving turn of mind, visited the antipodes, the prairies of the Far West, extending his peregrinations to the plains of Mexico; in which country he encountered dangers and escapes truly marvellous. "Why, sur," he would say, "I was upon one occasion chased by a troop of Mexican horse, armed with the long lance and the lasso, carbines and pistols; and if I had not a species of charmed life, my bones would now be enriching the soil of that beautiful country. The shots flew thick and fast, but I was well mounted, and fortunately distanced my murderers, with only three bullets in my hat, the skirt of my coat shot away, and my beautiful baste all but exhausted by this dance of death." This is only one of the many tales with which he used to entertain his hearers. Poor fellow, he was driven hence by the Registrar-to starve, or concoct another Irish bank.

One of the Irish gentleman's companions also possessed a stupendous mind; he was about to engage all and everyone desirous of employment, to whom salaries varying from four hundred to a thousand pounds a-year was the minimum; the maximum he was afraid might bewilder their imaginations, and was, therefore, carefully and feelingly kept to himself. He had a company in view which would far distance that of his Irish associate: "Yes, it was all arranged, an influential lawyer would find the capital,—and as to the directory, Rothschild was a pauper to any one of that body. But, alas, alas! his Utopian scheme fell still born in the mind of this very able and astute reckoner!

We have yet to bring forth another attorney-you see there is no lack of the legal fry. This was the most singular of all the inmates. With a shrewd and unscrupulous mind he acknowledged himself to be an accomplished scoundrel. It would be an act of charity if it were possible to assume that his mind was somewhat disturbed; but this could not be reconciled with the many acts of rascality which he unblushingly boasted of having practised. He was frequently seen with his hat twisted into all manner of grotesque shapes, with a paper cockade by way of ornament. Early and late he was yelling like a maniac, singing snatches of songs of doubtful propriety, and quoting largely from the poets and dramatists of bygone days. This might have been considered the hallucination of "a mind diseased," had not subsequent events proved the contrary. Evidently he had an end in view, as appeared in a very short time. One morning he was surprised to find that an order had been sent from his detaining creditor to liberate him at once. No one affected astonishment more than the man himself; nor was he very long before he availed himself of this pleasing intelligence. He went forth rejoicing, but in a week he was again lodged in his old quarters -it having been discovered that the order was a forgery, but by whom perpetrated could not be discovered. Suspicion rested upon himself, but there were no positive proofs-so the matter was suffered

to die out. It had been his intention to emigrate; but his arrangements were delayed, and his recapture the consequence. made it a point to ferret out everybody's business, and if there appeared the slightest toophole-the minutest technical error-he set to work, and in many cases procured the discharge of the individual concerned. Notwithstanding all this he was a most affectionate husband and father; and he had just cause to be so, for never was there a more devoted and attentive wife, who endeavoured to slur over his eccentricity and want of common

honesty. Here you might have seen one of those canting hypocrites—preaching upon morality, reading his Bible, and discanting on the depravity and wickedness of the world. This man was a constant attendant at chapel-held long humble discourses with the clergyman of the Establishment upon the doctrines of the Church, and so won upon the credulity of this gentleman, that he obtained his discharge by application to the charity of Christ's Hospital, where a fund is kept for the express purpose of liberating prisoners for debt by compromising with their creditors; generally by paying one-third of the debt. Just mark the rascality of this man. Every arrangement had been made with his creditors by a relation of his own, and he would have obtained his liberation under such arrangement. But he availed himself of the good offices of the chaplain, and went forth with forty pounds in his pocket by this direct fraud upon the charitable fund referred to. Yet this man professed to be a religious cha-

That merry little fellow is a Jew—and this is his second appearance. He is not in any way depressed at his situation, and facetiously gives a description of his reception before the Insolvent Court. There was no concealment about him; he thought it a good joke to outwit the big wigs—and he had done it. He underwent a long and severe ex-

amination, tending to criminate his dealings; but he stood it out manfully. A great point was made of the absence of account books—when the Commissioner intimated that if he did not produce them he should be sent back to prison. "What was the reason there were no account books?"

With the most perfect innocence he replied, that the reason, he was sorry to say was, because he was no scholard, and could not writeand, what was quite as bad, his wife was equally ignorant, for she could not even read! Thus the absence of books was accounted for. But there was a rather awkward affair, of obtaining goods without any reasonable expectation of being able to pay for them; and upon that transaction he must undergo four months' imprisonment. To this meed of punishment he readily reconciled himself; "for" said he, "I expected twelve months! all right in four months! vy, as they says in the p'lice courts, I could do that little lot on my 'ed!"

"Immediately on his return he told all, chuckling with great glee, laughing boisterously at the ruse about the books. So he sat down and wrote a note to his wife, who could not read, communicating the joyous news! He had not been away many months before he was again brought here; but upon this occasion he had not 'made up his mouth,' such was his expression, and could not endure the confinement, when he only owed a milk score, and he was sure nothing could be got out of that; so he was low-spirited, and in a fit of desponding melancholy, attempted to cut his throat, 'because he did not owe enough to make a profit by.' However, he did not accomplish his purpose; but he had an ulterior object in view, in which he likewise failed."

An Herculean fellow of a Scotchman made his appearance among this motley throng; and, to all appearance, looked the very picture of disappointment. Upon inquiring what brought him here, he said,—"Hoot, mon, this is an awfu' place,

what a throng of meesfortunate folk you ha' here! I was na sure about my coming to sie a place; but the fac' is, my creditors North became rather troublesome, so I came South, to take advantage of your laws of insolvency, thinking my trusting friends would no follow me; but, somehow, they discovered my intentions, and here I am. "Tis rayther unpleasant, for by my being cooped up here, a commission of bankruptcy, or, as it is ca'ad in my country, a sequeestration, was issued against me, and I'm telled that I must first purge mysel of that sequeestration, before I can appear in your court, and that I will be sent back to face my creeditors. So you will just ken I've been at an awful expense to bring the wife and bairns here, which is a' wasted. Hoot, mon, mine is a hard case.

"Very," said one of the lawyers, "very hard case, indeed. All you wanted was to cheat your creditors, and they are further north than you supposed them to be. No matter; you will have to do what few of your countrymen are ever inclined to do—'gang back again.'"

"Gin ye were out of this place, I'd break every bone in your yellow skin, for daring to speak in sic terms to a Highland gentleman; but you are a poor daft body, and beneath the notice of a respectable individual like myself." And so he stalked away, with dignity; but he was sorely vexed at ascertaining the result of his attempted deception.

The assembly was greatly astonished when a thick-set, bony fellow made his entrance in a rather singular way. Without speaking a word, he threw a summersault over two tables, and rolled himself along the floor, as if he had been a barrel; then stood on his head, throwing his arms and legs about, as if he was anxious to get rid of them at any price. At length he stood erect, and making a low obeisance, sung—

"The company I view, I'm proud to scrape my shoe to," and then sat down, as if exhausted by his feats of dexterity. "Why, the fellow is mad," broke forth from many voices; "we cannot admit a maniac, who may commit some horrid murder, for aught we know. This conduct must be reported, to guard against accident."

The man laughed outright, and begged to assure his friends that he was not mad, but elated; not by the pleasantness of his situation, for that would be impossible; but the fact was, he had thrashed his creditor to his heart's content, and that certainly was a satisfaction. "It is true," he continued; "I am among strangers, but we are all under the same cloud, therefore I should feel relief if permitted to state how I happen to be one of your companions."

"Certainly! certainly, proceed!"

was the response.

"Well, then, to account for the very strange manner in which I tumbled among you, it will be only necessary to say that by profession I have been an acrobat—a street tumbler, if you like, and, by my dexterity and carefulness, I saved, while my companions squandered their earnings in debauchery and drunkenness. Time rolled on, and I became disgusted with my calling; so resolved to leave it, and embark in some speculation more to my liking. My whole stock of ready money amounted to £180. With this I bought an entire horse of great beauty and symmetry, took my passage with it to Australia, where I made money quite as fast, and with less labour than by golddigging, and when I was satisfied with my gains, I sold my horse, took my departure from the antipodes, and once more touched British ground.

"In an evil hour I took to betting, and might have been seen among a set of scamps as vile as ever escaped the gallows. No doubt you have seen the crowd of blacklegs assembled at the corner of Bride-lane, Fleet-street. Well, it was by them I was fleeced, and serve me right, too. Upon one oceasion, I won about £60 from one of those fellows, who had always

been paid by me honourably. He refused to pay his debt, and I pitched into him, and no mistake, for I nearly murdered the craven hound. Of course, he found another scamp, an attorney; an action was brought, verdict recovered, which, together with the infernal costs, amounted to £120. Do you think I was going to pay that sum to two scoundrels? Not I, I was taken in execution, and, to show my agility and politeness, I just did a little tumbling as of yore, and here I am."

By this recital, the fears of the company as to murder were turned into merriment, and the acrobat was congratulated upon his pugilistic science and his tumbling.

"If she be not fair for me, What care I how fair she be."

This was the constant refrain of a melancholy-looking gentleman who had been crossed in loveduped would be the proper term -and that, too, in the most heartless manner. He is an artist by. profession, and many of his pictures have adorned the Exhibition. His affecting tale is soon told. In one of his artistic rambles he took up his abode at Ilfracombe, a small seaport on the coast of Devon. It was his fate to often meet a very beautiful girl, although of low origin. Struck by her appearance, he seems to have abandoned his pursuits in order to prosecute his inquiries relative to this girl who has fascinated, or rather infatuated, him. Her father was a pilot; and though of low degree, the family was considered highly respectable of their class. It was not difficult to obtain an introduction, and he, on his first visit, declared who and what he was, that his intentions were of that honourable character that induced him to seek the daughter for his wife; that he had frequently seen but never spoken to her; that his love was certainly at first sight, and he felt that the happiness of his life depended on a union with the woman he had chosen above all others. The mother could not at first enter into such delicate affairs, (although, like

all mothers, she secretly rejoiced at the prospect of such an alliance), but she would consult her goodman's and daughter's inclinations, and the result should be soon communicated to the would-be lover. With this arrangement he must feel satisfied; so he left the cottage to ruminate over the hopes and fears which usually enslave the minds of men and women in love.

The daughter had, of course, noticed the young man, and she would not have been a true woman had she not felt flattered by the delicate and unobtrusive manner in which he had directed his gaze upon her. The mother and daughter had talked the matter over very seriously anticipating what the father would say and do under the circumstances. At this juncture the father made his appearance, telescope in hand. He was a short, squat, but athletic man, about five feet four high, encased in a huge pea-jacket, sou'wester, and a red comforter round his throat; having divested himself of which, he pulled a short black dudeen from his pocket, and began to puff out clouds of tobacco-smoke. It was evident he was not in the best of humours; for although he had been on the look-out for several days, he had not sighted a vessel requiring his services. This moody reverie soon passed away, and the prudent but timid wife circumspectly commenced her attack. She recapitulated all that the young man had stated verbatim, to the astonishment of the bluff little mariner. The daughter very prudently left the room.

After a good many false starts he said, "Why, lookee here, mother," (he always called his wife mother); "if so be he is a land-lubber, I don't much mind that; but if he is a furriner, why, I shall clap a stopper upon the affair at once."

"He is a land gentleman,"—she laid great stress upon the word gentleman, "and a fine, comely-looking fellow he is, and so you'll say when you have seen him."

"Belay, there," exclaimed the husband; a gentleman, as you call

him, has no business with a girl such as our Jess, and, take my word for it, he means no good. True, Jess is as taut and trim a little craft as here and there one; and if I find she inclines that way, and his figure-head pleases me upon overhauling, why, I will not say Nay. But mark me, mother, if he does not sail under a honourable bit of blue bunting, he had better never have seen Jess or Ilfracomb" (the provincial pronunciation of the place) "either."

The wife's commendations were very flattering to the conduct of Mr.—, and having so far gained over father, she felt half the difficulty overcome. She therefore left her husband puffing and thinking, while she communicated her success to her daughter. Jess was not quite so overjoyed as her mother expected, but she threw no obstacle or objection in the way, and all was arranged for the expected visit

of her lover.

In due time he made his appearance, was formally introduced to father, who took off his sou'wester, smoothed down his hair straight over his forehead, and held out his brawny hand to his visitor. It was an awkwardand embarrassing interview upon all sides. Jess did show upon the occasion. Mr. — relieved the trioby saying, "Hehoped Mrs. Heep" (such was the family name) "had been good enough to communicate to him, Mr. H., the subject of his visit."

"Why, yes; he had heerd something about his darter—and—and—he should like to overhaul matters, and calculate his dead reckoning before he hove to. But," he continued, "I am quite prepared to patter over the matter, and if that was your object in coming hither, why you had better heave

ahead at once."

Thus authorised, Mr. Blank fully satisfied father and mother, with whose approval he was permitted to tell his love to Miss Jessy. That damsel was shy, very shy, but withal not distant. After much persuasion and great energy he obtained from the maiden permis-

sion to hope. This was all he could expect from a first interview; so he was constrained to be therewith content, and he departed.

One thing, however, he had found out—she was uneducated; a fearful blot upon the lover's hopes. He loved the woman notwithstanding, and he must make the best of her. How pleasant it would be; he thought, to instruct her, and form her mind in conformity with his notions of female propriety. No matter; there is time enough for all that. All I desire is her love, and I shall be happy.

He got on amazingly with the pilot; he smoked, drank Schiedam—free of duty, mind you—chatted with mother, and ogled Miss Jess; who in her turn coquetted a little, smiled her approval of the tender glances cast upon her as often as

father's head was turned.

But we are not writing a romance; it will be only necessary, therefore, to say he prospered in his suit, engaged first-rate masters for his intended, whose capacity for learning was marvellous, and the rapidity of her progress pleased him highly. Nevertheless, there was a coldness in the manner of the girl which he could not fathom; she seemed to tolerate rather than encourage his passion, and at times she betrayed symptoms of weariness in his presence. This line of conduct distressed him much; his very existence was wrapped up in her, and his very life seemed to hang upon the accents of her speech.

Months passed thus; Miss Jess was more accomplished and learned than he would have expected, and he thought he might now press his suit towards the accomplishment of his wishes. In the meantime he had neglected his studies, made expensive presents to the familyfurnished a house, rather too expensively and upon credit, and flew to the object of his adoration to communicate to her that everything was ready for the reception of his dear little wife. This evening he had been received by Jess with rather more cordiality than

usual; and when he left her, it was understood that, on the morrow, she would name the day which was to consummate his earthly happiness. With buoyant spirits he hurried home; feeling like a man who had acquired everything he desired, and retired to rest in a tranquil, happy state of mind.

The next morning early, he repaired to the home of Jess; father and mother met his advances with scowling looks and savage imprecations; desiring, in no measured language, to know what he had done with their child? What! did they suspect him capable of deluding their daughter? In vain he denied all knowledge of her actions; but when the thought of her duplicity, deception, and ingratitude flashed upon his mind, he sank in a swoon upon the floor. This could be no acting, no villanous scheme to deceive the bereaved parents, whose doubts and fears now broke forth with renewed imprecations upon the object of their love and solicitude. Poor Mr. Blank soon cleared himself of the suspicion which had been attached to him, and alas! his doubts

were miserably dispelled by the fact that Miss Jess had eloped the previous night with one of the crew of her father's lugger, and was married at Bridgewater the next morning.

Stunned, maddened by this cruel treatment, he flew from the house of the pilot, sold off his household goods, received the proceeds and wandered unconsciously he cared not whither. There is no doubt of his being insane for some time during his peregrinations, and he only awoke to his miserable and desolate situation at St. Maws, Cornwall. But how he came there, or by what means or by what conveyance, he never knew. Thus he continued to wander and dream until his resources failed; he then betook himself to his avocations, which were again put an end to by the creditors from whom he had furnished that house which became the grave of his heart and hopes, and you find him here, a benighted, wretched being! There is no doubt of his insanity at times, but he is perfectly harmless, a pitiable object of misplaced affection.

### FLIRTS.

FLIRTS, like poets, are born, not made. Like them, too, they require no special education to fit them for their vocation. The fostering influence of gentle breeding is not needed to bring them to perfection. Nor can the bleak wind of poverty wholly eradicate

their genius.

The principal qualities which all Flirts possess in common are selfconfidence, perseverance, and heartlessness. The last of these three is by far the most important, and it matters not much whether the state be natural, or brought about by circumstances. For success, beauty, more or less, is essential (some ugly princesses, it is true, have coquetting propensities, but then they have little opportunity The great of gratifying them). talent, however, without which all others count for nothing, is the faculty which a Flirt has of adapting herself to different dispositions and feeling, or simulating, an interest in the concerns of each successive recipient of her attentions.

In all professions there have been—let us hope always will be—enthusiasts who glory in their work. Lawyers, doctors, and divines, as well as poets and painters, have been known to labour hard at their several callings, uncheered by the hope of any reward more tangible than the aves vehement of adoring

posterity.

These, however, are exceptions to our great nineteeth-century rule of give and take. But all Flirts are enthusiasts, and in any station of life where they have leisure and opportunities of display, become—as long as the luck last—absorbed in coquetry, to the exclusion of more profitable pursuits.

Among the higher classes the preparations for each seance are no doubt sufficiently elaborate, and we can easily imagine with what pre-Raphaelite regard to minuteness of detail the costume of a fashionable

Flirt is regulated. Many positions which we have been accustomed to hear abused-say, that of a governess, or the keeper of a lighthouse —ace probably more endurable than the post of abigail to one of these ladies - especially when, as happens occasionally, the latter has no fixed ideas upon the art of dress, and, expecting her maid to decide every. thing, is scarcely ever satisfied with No wonder the opthe result. pressed one consoles herself with making revelations about enamel, red lavender, and other mysteries with which she insinuates her mistress is only too well acquainted.

Flirtina, herself, is amply repaid for all her trouble by the reception which greets her as she enters a ball-room, the scene of so many bloodless battles. All eyes are turned upon her, and in them she encounters but two expressions, hatred and admiration, both flattering, the former especially, for a woman must be fascinating indeed to draw upon herself such marked disapprobation from the gentler sex. Upon the latter, Flirtina looks indulgently enough, though she is too well seasoned to be conspicuously elated by it. Her mode of action in securing fresh converts is very simple. Her favourite weapon is flattery, and is rarely found to fail when wielded by her discriminating lips. The vain and frivolous she meets upon their own ground, and trusts mainly to her beauty and agreeable manners. To the diffident she shows herself gentle and reassuring, while to men of an arrogant disposition she affects the most enchanting humi-Of course, great tact is lity. needed in dealing with different natures, so as to offend none, but tact is a faculty in which all Flirts excel. Still, accidents occur in the best-regulated families, and even under the happiest rule; the subjects sometimes run counter to the wishes of their sovereign. Also,

the affairs of the most discreet Flirts get into confusion, and men who, under peculiarly aggravating circumstances, have been "done," have, instead of submitting quietly to the inevitable, taken leave to revenge themselves in a most disagreeable way. Some of these infatuated creatures have even taken the extreme method of blowing out their own brains, leaving on record their reasons for so doing in language the reverse of flattering to Flirtina. Clara Vere de Vere is not the only lady who has a dark memory of a past sin on her conscience which effectually tempers the immoderation of her triumphs.

Flirts, indeed, enjoy an almost universal reprobation. In these latter days, especially, when men are so few, and the best efforts of competitors for honours matrimonial, result often in defeat and discomfiture, we cannot wonder at the enmity of the dowagers. It is only natural that they should look with disgust upon the creatures for whose sake men neglect their placid uninteresting daughters, and it must be aggravating for them to watch the insolence with which a thorough-bred Flirt monopolises the attentions of the best men in her set. Old maids, too, long past the wallflower stage, with its latent jealousies and entire drearinesses, and pleasure in abusing them. Some of them, possibly not without reason, for looking back at their one romance—which people tell us no woman can escape: they think indignantly what a different ending it might have had but for the counter fascinations of an unscrupulous Flirt. Nor do Flirts receive any mercy at the hands of young and fair of their own sex. The crime which we all find it hardest to palliate in our friends is success—success in which we have no share, sometimes even obtained at our expense. But when our rival is not only successful, but carelessly disdainful of the victory which was far above our abilities, we put forgiveness out of the question, and hate decorously, or with fierce intensity, according to our temperament.

With men, who are the victims, it is much the same. They enter the lists eagerly enough, happy at first to receive but a smile of recognition from the reigning beauty. To those to whom the Fates grant subsequently the bliss of finding favour in her eyes, ensues a period of infatuation more or less prolonged, from which the awakening is bitter indeed, to judge from the rancorous sentiments expressed in the numerous "Odes on the Inconstancy of Woman."

In this age of vindications, will no one arise to champion the cause of Flirts? I think not. The very essence of their natures—selfishness—precludes them from all enduring sympathy, and the Nemesis, which is so swift and unering in its retribution, that the fidelity of no adherent shall survive the moment when, at the hands of her own courtiers, the Queen of Beauty receives sentence of dethronement.

### PER ASPERA AD ASTRA:

A TALE OF LOVE, WAR, AND ADVENTURE.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

ALBRECHT'S MYSTERY.

THE brigand said rightly: few who trusted to his honour regretted having done so. However he might act as a sinking-fund to carry away the surplus capital of the Emperor's liege subjects, treachery was a fault which could not be imputed to him; and those who, for an adequate consideration, had obtained a free passport, was never rated for the relief of the forest chieftain during its continuance. The Earl of Derby says, with great justice, that "that society is composed of compromises." Albrecht composed a very wholesome compromise between the romantic cavalier and the matter-of-fact bandit. He was not kept long in suspense for the execution of his scheme: the time had now arrived for Bertha of Hardfels to become either the bride of the Baron of Würmer, or an inmate of the Convent of our Lady at Mentz.

On the day appointed, Würmer failed not to appear at Hardfel's Castle, to demand of its proprietor the fulfilment of his promise. He found Hardfels, as he had ever known him, prepared to carry his engagements into execution. The latter did not deny that, notwithstanding all his suggestions,-nay, solicitations,—Bertha remained as inexorable as ever. "You remember the alternative!" Würmer exclaimed. "The girl is to be either mine or the Church's! You are, I suppose, in a position to act upon your word?"

The diabolical manner in which these unfeeling remarks were uttered was not lost upon Hardfels, who replied, in a tone of suppressed agony, "Why do you distrust me, Baron of Würmer? I am prepared.

I ask not for an extension of the time originally granted, because not only do I know how useless it is to try to move you to pity, but because I am well aware no good could arise from any such course. You are at perfect liberty to send your servants here, if you wish it, to escort my unhappy daughter to her destination."

Würmer, who seldom acted without due deliberation, attentively considered the matter; but, however much he might like to reverse the duties of knight-errant, and be the instrument of woe, instead of weal, to the daughter of Eve who had offended him, he resolved, for many reasons, to let others undertake the task. He therefore replied:

"I am glad to hear you converse so reasonably. I have thought well over your last proposal; but as I presume you are aware that I am not disposed to be trifled with, I leave you to make all necessary arrangements. Woe be to you if I find you fail! Remember, the transaction is not closed until Bertha makes her profession; so, should any false play be practised, I may not be the victim of it."

"Be it so!" said Hardfels, heaving a deep-drawn sigh. "By to-morrow eve the Nunnery of the Virgin at Mentz shall have one more sister within its walls."

"So far so good," said Würmer, with an ironical smile. "Let me congratulate you, Baron of Hardfels, on making so worthy an offering to holy Mother Church. Without doubt, the young lady, who commences life with arrogance towards me, and with undutiful feelings toward you, will be canonised for her exemplary piety!"

The spirit of the elder Baron was roused by this cruel sarcasm; but, from prudential motives, he repressed his anger. "Since your mission is completed, you can have no further need of my presence," said he, in a tone of assumed composure. "Perhaps, though, you would like to see your victim before her sacrifice?—for such, indeed, is it."

"No, I will not intrude upon her vigils. No doubt, as the affianced bride of the Church, she is telling her beads, and performing other offices of devotion. Fare thee well!"

Whatever latent suspicion Würmer might have had of Hardfels' good faith, the conduct of the latter was quite sufficient to remove. He

was quite sufficient to remove. He was resolved to redeem his word, and no Roman father could display more apparent stoicism than did the unhappy lord. We will not dwell upon the parting between father and daughter. The miseries endured by Hardfels were of that class which play upon the mind,

without any means of utterance.

The last farewell, affectionate though constrained, had taken place; and, amidst the tears of her old attendants and brother, the future nun, escorted by a small body of retainers, headed by the steward of the house, left her once happy home for an unknown future. William of Hardfels had particularly requested his father to intrust him with the sad office of delivering his sister into the hands of the superior of the establishment. Baron, who alone had kept a dry eye throughout the whole scene, probably thinking such a course would be distasteful to Würmer, peremptorily declined.

Slowly did the sorrowful cortêge wend its way along the rugged road leading to Mentz; and although some of the retainers had hoped a rescue would have been attempted by the partizans of the Count of Staelburg, nothing occurred to break the monotony of the transaction; and Karl, who was of the party, thought nothing now remained for him but to deliver up

his miserable mistress to the lady superior, and return. At some little distance from Mentz, on ascending an eminence, a troop of mounted retainers might be seen approaching them. Although the movements of the approaching band were, if possible, less speedy than their own, it was not long ere a junction was effected. The second party were mounted on sleek mules, comfortably, though not gaudily, caparisoned, and at their head rode a man of venerable appearance, who, from his silver locks and the red cross which, in common with his followers, he wore on his breast, might be taken for the major-domo of the nunnery. With a voice rather impaired by age, the leader of the conventual party inquired whether he was not accosting the servants of the Baron of Hardfels, who were escorting their young mistress to the Nunnery of our Lady at Mentz.

The steward of Hardfels politely answered that such was the case, and demanded by what authority the inquiry was made.

The first speaker informed him that the lady abbess of Mentz, having every regard to the rank of the illustrious lady, had commissioned the band under his orders to conduct her to her future home, since, he remarked, it was in violation of the etiquette of their establishment for secular retainers to intrude upon the demesnes of the convent.

A far-seeing man was the steward of Hardfels, and a searching glance did he bestow upon the majordomo; but in the demure looks of the myrmidons of the Church he saw no grounds for suspicion. He therefore demanded a sight of the written authority under which the latter acted, and a certificate of the safe delivery of the damsel; and his wishes being gratified, the Baron's party, with heavy hearts, returned homewards.

One of her new attendants, with solemn step, led the ambling palfry which bore the downcast Bertha; and for some time an ominous silence was preserved. The road

taken by the party appeared new to our heroine; for, often as she had ridden to Mentz, she never remembered having taken the present way. By degrees, the whole party quickened their pace, and the pious retainer, who formerly held her bridle-rein, having resumed his seat in the saddle, urged his spirited mule to keep up with the fleet steed which Bertha rode. The majority of the party, including their aged leader, at length indulged in a far more animated conversation than might have been expected from their character and years. Having ridden at a rapid rate for some time, the major-domo drew rein at a snug little hostelrie, and requested refreshment for man and beast. At first a great distance was observed between mine host and the leader of the party; but of a sudden this coldness vanished, and having requested the boniface to put a private room at the disposal of the young lady, and to spare no pains to ensure her comfort during the short time the rules of the establishment permitted them to rest, the portly personage, with his company, withdrew. The injunction was promptly obeyed, and the host's wife, a dame "fat, fair, and forty," obsequiously assisted Bertha to remove her travelling gear. The apartment provided for her was immediately over the common room, and, woe be to us that we should have to record it! instead of long graces and pious hymns on the part of the escort, she heard nothing but the clatter of knives and dishes, and the sound of wassailry. Her previous suspicions were somewhat increased on finding the self-denying servants of the Church thus bent on attending to the wants of the creature. On inquiring of her new femme de chambre the distance between her present habitation and Mentz, she was extremely surprised to ascertain she was journeying in a very different direction. An elegant repast was set before her, of which she ate but little; after which she received a courteous intimation that her

guides were prepared to resume their journey. In a few seconds she was ready to accompany them. On producing her purse, to pay for the accommodation of herself and attendants, all offers of remuneration were firmly but respectfully declined, the hostess stating that the leader of the retainers was an old acquaintance, and a frequent visitor at the hostelrie. Totally unable to comprehend the mystery, our heroine reluctantly yielded the point, and was speedily at the court of the inn, awaiting her attendants.

Neither major-domo nor redcrossed sons of the Church presented themselves; but, in their stead, Bertha beheld a band of foresters, clad in the garb of their order. Her first impression was, that her unknightly suitor had made use of this artifice to get her into his power, and a violent fit of trembling came over her. The manly face of the foresters alone would, to a less timid person, be a sufficient guarantee of their honesty; but, to dispel her doubts, the person who had hitherto acted the part of major-domo, seeing the effect the metamorphosis had had upon his fair charge, with a respectful doff of his hat, assured her that she had nothing to fear. He informed her that the motives of himself and band were, at any risk to themselves, to save her from the threatening danger, and added that the Count of Staelburg had given his sanction to the means he was practising, which, he trusted, would amply satisfy her that their intentions were honourable. A production of her locket, and an explanation of the means by which it was obtained, convinced Bertha of the truth of the forester's statement.

It is a wise saying. "of two evils always choose the least;" and Bertha, with as much presence of mind as excitement, would have reflected that, were she to insist on being conducted to the nunnery, she would not be secured from the persecutions of the Baron of Würmer; whereas, in her pre-

sent position, she had the word of one of a class famous for veracity, that no harm should happen to her. Besides, the handsome forester had mentioned the name of Staelburg, and had shown her the gage of affection which she had given to her lover before his departure, the very sight of which was cheering: so that it did not seem improbable to her ardent mind that the whole affair might be planned by the young Count to rescue her from Würmer. She therefore, with an air of confidence. expressed herself perfectly satisfied with his assurances, and declared her willingness to accompany him. The forester, in whom no doubt the reader will recognise our friend Albrecht, fortwith issued orders to his men to mount, on which the hardy outlaws appeared bestriding steeds which would have done no discredit to the Emperor of Germany. As to the means by which they became possessed of them, it is best "to ask no questions, for conscience' sake." order of march was to form all the attendants, with the exception of two, into an advance guard, while the others brought up the rear. Albrecht himself, as in politeness bound, left not the side of his beautiful charge. The latter, too full of her own thoughts, did not presume to address her deliverer: for we confess, at the risk of sinking our heroine in the estimation of our fair readers, it was in such a light she regarded the outlaw.

"It may be a matter of some gratification to you," said Albrecht, "to know that the valiant Count of Staelburg, about whom false reports were so-widely circulated, is not only alive, but in the enjoy-

ment of good health."

"I thank you for being the messenger of such good news; but when and how did you see him, Sir Forester?" said Bertha, with whom the frank, unassuming manner of the outlaw was exercising influence.

"I am known as Albrecht the Brigand," said our friend; "and the last occasion of my seeing that mirror of chivalry, the Count of Staetburg, was within the walls of Leyden, some few days since. The only obstacles to his happiness was the thought of one he left behind."

A blush came over the pale cheek of Bertha, as she faintly answered: "Such is good news, indeed!"

Albrecht, although no connoisseur of forms and ceremonies, was by no means wanting in that native politeness which was, at that period, the ruling principle of the age; and for some time his agreeable conversation relieved the monotony of the way.

After a while, as if rousing herself from a sudden forgetfulness, Bertha demanded of her new acquaintance whither it was his inten-

tion to conduct her.

"By your gracious permission, lady, I propose leaving you to the care of some relations of my own, who are engaged in the profitable occupation of merchants at Hamburg. You will find my kinsman, Christopher Splucher, a man of strict integrity and pleasing manners; and his good wife will, I am sure, on learning the particulars of the case, spare no pains to promote your welfare."

"And my poor father!" said the kind-hearted girl; "what will he think, when he hears of my adventure? I fear it will bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the

grave.

"I trust," said Albrecht, "that ere long he may be persuaded to procure the recal of the exiled Count to his native country, when I cannot but hope means may be found to free your father from the thraldom now exercised over him. Nay, continued he, musingly, "perhaps it would be as well if he were to imagine that your death had taken place: any such rumour might mislead the Würmers; and if things come to a crisis, I might contrive to enlighten the Baron of Hardfels as to the real facts of the case. The present system of things cannot last long. The crimes of the Würmers must be exposed before the world is much older."

The young beauty turned her eyes tearfully towards him, as he spoke of inflicting so much pain on one who, however sternly he might have acted, had never ceased to be an object of her dearest affection. But as Albrecht appeared in no manner to repent of his determination, the words in which she had intended to remonstrate against such a course died upon her

lips.

Thus journeying together, the bold outlaw and his delicate charge by successive stages reached their destination, when Albrecht in a few words, revealed to Splucher so much as appeared necessary of the plot. The honest merchant, who was under some obligations to his kinsman for sundry presents of venison and other kindnesses, was right glad to have it in his power to evince his sense of them; and, with the warm concurrence of his good dame, the fair scion of the aristocracy was installed in their family as Adelaide Splucher, their orphan neice.

At the return of the escorting party, the Baron of Hardfels, on seeing the document delivered to the steward, had no doubt of its authenticity. Since correspondence by letter was prohibited between novices and their friends, for some time the Baron was fully persuaded that Bertha had taken

the white veil.

Würmer, however, had received intimation from his amiable aunt, the abbess of the nunnery, that no such novice as mentioned by him had arrived. A few weeks after the completion of the outlaw's design, he presented himself at Hardfels' Castle, to reproach its owner with breach of faith: "How, now!" said he, addressing the Baron; "in spite of my warning to you, do you think to deceive me by so shallow a pretence? I am well aware no daughter of yours reached Mentz. Tell me where you have concealed her, and at length act up to your word, or your treachery may bring you into trouble."

"Do you think me capable of

dealing deceitfully with you? said Hardfels, with dignity. My unfortunate daughter was duly given over into the hands of the servants of the convent; and I hold the acknowledgment delivered by them."

A close perusal of the document was taken by Würmer; he knew not by whom it could be forged, but thought it not unlikely that Ruffo, by way of getting him into his power, had contrived and executed the scheme. For once his clear head failed to unravel the "Hardfels," said he, mystery. "if this wretched forgery has deceived you, you are made of different materials than I imagined. It is evident, if you are not a party to the plot, some robber or other has possession of the lady, hoping to extort money from you for her recovery. My recommendation to you is, if you have any time to spare, to get into your saddle at once, and let us make inquiries as o the road taken by the party."

Hardfels, almost thunderstruck by Würmer's astounding intelligence, acted upon his suggestion.

The fugitives were traced to the place of the dispersion of Albrecht's gang. After this point Hardfels could elicit nothing definite, but the conclusion, through a fragmentary examination of the persons interrogated, led to a supposition that murder had been resorted to, to destroy evidence of robbery.

The Baron of Hardfels sought, in the maze of state business, to find relief from sorrow. William of Hardfels, however, received a gentlehint from Albrecht that there was strong probability of his sister still living, but he could obtain Compasno further intelligence. sionating her father's affliction, he did not fail to suggest the fact to him; and as a drowning man catches at a straw, so did the unhappy father cling with the utmost tenacity to the fond hope that his daughter might ultimately be re-

### CHAPTER XVII.

TREATING, AMONGST OTHER MAT-TERS, OF THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

BRIESWALD was not long without an opportunity of procuring the release of his prisoner. Prince of Orange, on his next interview, in admiration of his gallantry, promised him whatever boon it might be in the Prince's power to grant. To the surprise of the Patriot general, who expected nothing less than an application for some promotion, the young volunteer requested only that Don Pedro might, if consistent with his good pleasure, be set at liberty. Although William had hoped, by his retention, to have derived some advantage to the Patriot cause, so nice a regard had he for his word, and withal so high an appreciation of the generosity of the request, that, without any appearance of reluctance, he declared that thenceforth Don Pedro was a free man, on the simple condition of not again bearing arms against the States.

A hearty embrace evinced the gratitude of the warm-hearted Spaniard; and Brieswald had the satisfaction of seeing him make what few preparations were necessary, and set out furnished with a safe-conduct homewards.

During this time, notwithstanding the heroism displayed by the Dutch, little was done towards the liberation of their country, and after an heroic resistance, Haarlem

The fall of Haarlem caused a great feeling of insecurity among our friends as Leyden, and in consequence of the necessity existing for his presence at Flushing, to prevent Requescens the Spanish general, from raising the siege of Middleburg, William of Orange left Leyden with his forces.

With his usual penetration, the Prince committed to Janus Dousa, or Jean Van der Dousa, the Ulysses of the Patriots, the management of this important town. A scholar of considerable attainments, a

soldier of some ability, and an orator of extraordinary eloquence, none was better suited to act as the deputy of the Prince in a place so much exposed to danger. Such was the ardent desire of all to march against the foe, that it would have been difficult to have prevailed upon any considerable number to stay inert within the walls, even if their leaders had so intended. William of Orange, however, having need of every available soldier, could not, without considerable inconvenience to himself, spare anything like an effectual garrison to the town; but, at his earnest solicitation, Brieswald and De Wencke, in both of whom he had considerable confidence, remained to assist Janus Dousa in the preparation of defences. Obedience is difficult to practise, and to an active mind nothing is so distasteful as a cessation of activity; nevertheless, both De Wencke and our hero had too much respect for their leader to murmur against his will.

Brieswald, indeed, found his life at Leyden very monotonous, after the exciting services he had so lately gone through; and beyond the necessity for a little skill in the construction of fortifications, nothing occurred to put his talents to the test. Great joy was occasioned to the men of Leyden on the news of the decisive victory obtained by the Insurgent's fleet over the Royalist's navy at Sacherlo, and their hopes were further raised by the fall of Middleburg. Thus far all seemed to favour the Patriot cause. These successes, however, were in a great measure counterbalanced by the fatal battle of Groningen, which took place on the 14th of April, 1574. Count Louis of Nassau, a noble of a very zealous and sanguine temperament, had, with considerable difficulty, raised and equipped an army of upwards of 10,000 men, chiefly French and German Protestants, who were far more famous for their devotion to the reformed faith than for their skill in its Zuniga, knowing the defence.

advantage gained to the cause of the Insurgents, if the Count of Nassau could join his forces to those of his brother, despatched D'Avila, a brave and prudent officer, to intercept his march. A fierce conflict ensued, in which the Spanish cavalry threw the German reiters into confusion. The foot also gave way, and a general rout took place. The Count Lewis, assisted by his brother Henry, and the Palatine of the Rhine, did all that courage could do to retrieve the fortunes of the day; but the reiters they had rallied were soon broken by the enemy, and the gallant leaders of the Patriots lost

their lives. After this success, Requesens had more opportunities for recovering Leyden, which, from its situation and noted disaffection to the Royalist cause, it became a great object to obtain. Previous to the battle of Groningen, occasional parties of Spaniards hovered about the country; but until a later period, nothing very decisive was done towards laying siege to Although he greatly Leyden. dreaded the miseries which a strict blockade would occasion to the unhappy citizens, Brieswald saw, with much joy, an opportunity of again joining in the fight. Occasional skirmishes took place in its vicinity, with varied success. On the 26th of May, however, the Spaniards reoccupied their positions in the neighbourhood of Leyden, and made every arrangement for a long siege. The Prince of Orange was fully aware of the price put by the Spaniards on the town, and the pains they would take to secure it. His exhortation to the patriotic Dousa was to expel all useless persons from within their walls, to collect an adequate supply of provisions, and to make a vigorous defence of the place. until the affairs of the state would enable him to send reinforcements. Notwithstanding his inability to afford the men of Leyden much assistance, William had garrisoned the forts of Gouda and Alphen with a strong party of Englishmen,

under the command of Colonel Chester, thinking that, if not sufficiently strong to defeat the besieg. ing party, at least they would be able to harass their movements, and give time to the citizens to prepare their defence. Brieswald, who had been busily engaged in raising the walls and stationing cannon, was walking with Alftrude Naarveldt on the ramparts, explaining to her the different means of defence, when the noise of fire. arms in the direction of Gouda could be faintly heard. Soon after, as the smoke cleared away, to his sore amazement, he became aware of the precipitate retreat of the English stationed there. "See, see, Alftrude!" he exclaimed, "do you see a party of men running, as if for their lives? can it be that those Englishmen, who have acquired such immortal renown at Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, are now betaking themselves to an inglorious flight?"

Alftrude Naarveldt turned her eyes attentively to the spot indicated. "Alas!" said she, "the Spaniards have the advantage; the English cannot make head against

them; we are lost!"

It became too soon evident that Brieswald's surmises were correct; the islanders, either bought with Philip's gold, or struck by a sudden panic, abandoned the forts they had undertaken to defend, and purchased existence at the price of honour. Some, however, were actuated by a different spirit, and amidst the flying infantry, here and there, might be seen a horseman who manifested a great disinclination to turn his back on the foe. One man in particular, of a commanding stature, mounted on a superb charger, appeared actively engaged in an effectual attempt to rally the broken infantry, of whom he might have been an officer of distinction. Deserted by his men, it was with considerable reluctance that the gallant Englishman, having laid one of the foremost of pursuers low, turned his horse's head towards Leyden, and slowly followed

his unworthy comrades. Now and then, any Spanish who ventured too far in the pursuit would receive a heavy blow from the long sword of the horseman.

"Would," said Brieswald, as he beheld the valour of the single man who acted the part of rearguard, "every one in yonder body partook of his spirit! our enemies might then be repulsed. But are not the men at Alphen forsaking their posts also? a malson be on

the dastardly traitors!"

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If the conduct of the garrison at Gouda was bad, that of the garrison of Alphen was worse: the last fled almost without striking a blow. The people of Leyden now began to flock to the ramparts, and many were the curses upon the heads of those who had so shamefully deserted their positions. The fugitives, who had bent their way to Leyden, now besought admission into the town; but such was the disgust excited by their base conduct, that, although the citizens had no other regular troops, they refused to receive the English within their walls. To crown their base cowardice with overt treachery, the latter then deserted en masse to the enemy. The hero of the rearguard, attended by a few kindred spirits who shared his determination, rode to that part of the ramparts where Brieswald was standing, and calmly inquired whether it was the intention of the citizens to close their gates upon his companions and himself, as, if so, he added, the course which they should adopt would be to die sword in hand, after the manner of their fathers. Appreciation of valour is not far removed from valour itself. Touched with the courage displayed in these words, as well as struck with admiration of the previous conduct of the speaker, the men of Leyden prepared to admit the little party wno alone had preserved the honour of the English name. Brieswald was the first to open the gates to afford them entrance. The foremost warrior acknowledged his courtesy, and directed a glance of more

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curiosity than was consistent with politeness towards Alftrude Naarveldt, whose natural charms were, to so good a judge of beauty as the islander, greatly increased by the alternate blushes and pallor which the excitement of the scene produced. The new-comer introduced himself as William Atherton. and intimated that he had sprung from a family of some importance in the west of England. Dutch, though not particularly famous for the possession of high military virtues, are certainly not slow to recognise merit in others: one and all gave the Englishmen such a reception as their courageous behaviour required; and arrangements were quickly made for their entertainment. Having assured himself of the safety of the town from immediate attack, William Atherton, making a profound obeisance to Alftrude Naarveldt, summoned his followers to their quarters.

The Spaniards were not slow to follow up their advantage, and, by the directions of Valdez, who was entrusted by Requesens with the conduct of the siege, a strict blockade was formed. The Spanish had found, to their cost, that the Dutch were prepared to sell their fortifications only at the risk of their lives; and they considered the system of intercepting supplies, and starving the besieged to a surrender, more destructive to the enemy and advantageous to themselves than an active assault. With this view, Valdez constructed works to surround the town on all sides, so as to deprive the citizens of all communication with their friends in the other states. The Patriots, who were utterly unused to arms, could oppose nothing but daring courage to the science of their opponents; so that fort after fort was constructed by the besiegers almost before the generality of the besieged were aware of their objects. Atherton recommended nothing less than a resolute attack on the half-finished works, by which course, he intimated, the Spaniards would be much harassed.

This system met with decided opposition on the part of the majority of the citizens, who, with much justice, pointed out the disparity existing between their forces and those of the enemy on a fair field, and the great inconvenience the loss of any member of their party

would, entail upon the survivors. Thus opposed, Atherton was, with difficulty, induced to abandon his project, and betook himself to the formation of defences to resist any onslaught the Spaniards might make.

### RED LEAVES.

The year is on the wane,
Red leaves are scant on the trees,
The fields are vacant of grain,
A chill is over the seas.
There are solemn memories
Haunting the heart and the brain;
List to the wind on the roof, the plashing of the dreary rain.

The year is wearing away,

There's a crystal over the rills;

Dead are the lilies of May,

The purple of the hills.

The little maiden chills,

Amid shadows long and grey;

List to the rain on the roof, the breeze on the window-sills.

Young was she, and fair,
With health in her sweet eyes;
We have sore need of prayer,
For beauty sickens and dies.
'Twas a sorrowful season of sighs,
When we missed the gleam of her hair;
List to the wind on the roof, the rush of the rain from the skies.

The year will soon be dead,

Desolate are the leas;

The swallows long have fled,

To sunnier climes and seas.

Pitiless blows the breeze,

Pitiless are the skies;

Did love forsake the world when death closed these fond eyes?

ROBERT HANNAY.

## AN EXCURSUS FOR PRACTICAL PEOPLE.

It has been remarked to me, by a young man on the look-out for a wife, that the young ladies of the present day are too much alike, totally deficient in that variety which charms the eye in frippery and fancy-goods; and that, if he were to dash into society blindfold and choose a cara sposa at haphazard, the result would probably be as satisfactory as he is likely to find it with his eyes wide open. But the young ladies may congratulate themselves that they are not alone in this lamentable resemblance to each other; for the remark of my friend is capable of much wider application than that which is palpable on the surface. English society generally is, nowadays, sadly deficient in variety. The bugbear it bows the knee to worship is one of Uniformity; and almost every moral, religious, or literary innovation which conforms not to the dicta of this bugbear, may be regarded by far-seeing men and women as a voluntary or involuntary protest against cant. There are certain stiff laws and codes which even the iconoclast transgresses at his peril; and the eccentric man, being an object of social distrust and odium, has a hard up-hill fight before he can gain for himself a comfortable position in the world. The world sends out patterns by which we are to cut cloth for individual wearing :- the coats must be all alike, of the same shape and calibre. And this state of things is well and good, if not pursued to too great an extent. There is a medium in all things, saith the tritest of truisms--which may mean, in the present instance, that too many of us, instead of living like moderate men and true, sacrifice wholesome idiosyncrasy in order to appear respectable. The respectable people have promulgated an abstract bull for tea-table observance, and they have called it Realism.

There is realism, and there is

a cant of realism: the latter is, possibly, a morbid yellow disease beginning with the love of money making. In morals, in art, and in literature, there is no more patent and healthy thing than realism, properly so called. Even the less judicious exponents of the doctrine (though their exposition has served its purpose, and should die out) did good service when they asserted it, in opposition to the selfabsorbed and impersonal cant of the last generation. But the cant of realism is paraded as an excuse for pettifogging. It is the property of the small critic wielding his delicate pen; of young Miss Pert with "a voice as small as hath a goat;" and of the business man who seeks an excuse for being soulless, unsympathetic, and meanspirited. Even the ponderous quarterlies catch the epidemie occasionally. Some authors find in it an excuse for their false fun and their buffoonery, which scoff at noble sentiments.

This cant of realism is not only stale and unprofitable, but petty and degraded; for it directly repudiates the moderate idealism which gives colour to life, manners, and literature, and significance to bare events. We pride ourselves too much on being practical, prosy, and matter-of-fact—three excellent adjectives when not bandied about by the boasters; and we sneer too often at those higher aspirations which spiritualise experience and sanctify labaur as a religion. In talking platitudes about truth, one is apt to forget that the poetical part of man is as much a portion of truth as are arms, legs, eyes, or hair. Money is good in its way, and so are moneymakers; but the former dwindles down to insignificance when compared with the emotions it cannot awaken; and the latter are not only very small mites in God's universe, but lilliputian portions of the world of man. Still, on a tacit understanding between himself and the modern public, the critic has coined for himself the trite verbiage of "maudlin sentimentality," with which he seeks to laugh to scorn our spiritual sympathy with beautiful things, and not, as might be reasonably supposed, to annihilate the false vendors of bathos. But has it ever occurred to practical people that we carry our dislike of idealism too far, and that we might do better than "stand shivering on the brink of beauty," for fear of committing

ourselves irrevocably?

There is no reason why we should be ashamed of our emotions and our aspirations, when they are wholesome and honest ones; and we may congratulate ourselves that they do really linger, in some form or other, in our literature, and in our manners. Yet nothing is more plain than that we seek to disguise them, to deny their existence, and to underrate their value. We delight in our pluck, our energy, our feats of strength, so to speak; we stand before each other like goodnatured gladiators, ambitious to show our muscles. We boast hugely of the young bloods of England, who camp on the far prairie, go down the Mississippi on log-rafts, and smoke their eigars under the very nose of the Lama of Thibet. In fact, we have a disproportionate admiration for the hardy virtuesare prone to confound muscle with manliness, physical with moral courage, animal with intellectual strength. Now, the value of these hardy virtues, which is undeniably great, may be misunderstood. John Bull is superior, not only to his sheep, but to his prize oxen; and there ought to be something deeper in him than flesh and fisticuffs. He takes good care, however, to disguise this higher humanity. He blushes to be caught indulging in sentiment and feeling; he leaves such things to women and children, he says. He composes himself, with his hands in his pockets, by a deathbed. The youthful element of love accepts in him a too gross and mean interpretation. He bullies and disguises his holier affections. The worst of the matter is that, from first putting on this unfeeling crust as a manly shield, he has at last persuaded himself that he is impervious to emotional and ideal impressions, and that the more earthly his ethics are the better for his reputation as a solid thoroughgoing tradesman, traveller, and colonist.

Ashamed of our emotions, vet secretly tired of our discounting and dividend-hunting, we covertly fly elsewhere for relief and relaxation. We induce the false form of the very quality we condemn. We make a compromise with conscience, and resort to a philosophy which views the emotions æsthetically. This philosophy, or art, or cant, one may call (in want of a better word) sentimentalism. Sentimentalism is a false and rancid growth, exuding from thoughts and feelings made morbid, not by misuse, but by want of use. It may be regarded as the first and last refuge of men and women who are tired of relying for moral strength on their tougher experiences. Thus it is, so to speak, the safety-valve of modern society. It exists in the young girl who seeks something, she knows not what, beyond the parlour and the kitchen; and in the woman who, having been deceived in the man she has married, now and then turns unaware from the hard lines of domestic duty, to find relief in the analysis of her own youthful experiences. It appears, in place of love, in the young man buying a helpmate, and again, in place of love, but negatively, in the helpmate so bought. It is a sort of sympathy-hunting on principle, a flying from the dark externals of life to æsthetic analysis of the internals of life. Well, sentimentalism is very narrow, very selfish -of the earth, earthy. It represents this small world as examined apart from God's universe, and consequently seeming so grand and important, with its strata, its mammoths, its dodos, its infinitesimals in a fishpond. Yet we are bound to accept sentimentalism at its

worth, as our nearest approach to the quality this age wants, Enthusiasm-which is the making of heroes, the light of religion, and the soul of duodecimos which go not to the butter-basket; as the sole tie, a very slender tie, which binds us to the extinct individuality of the past generation. It may be finical and cynical, full of sharp detail, as opposed to being broad and philosophical. But it shows that some few men and women are secretly blushing at their own want of sympathy with good and high aspirations, are growing sick of the impersonality of the great crowd, and are beginning to moralise about humanity, not on 'Change or in the counting-house, but at home in their easy chairs. Its problems are neither great nor deep ones, though practical men find them hard to solve; but they are exact and correct so far as they go, and may in due time exhaust themselves to suggest problems of a profounder and more ideal significance.

Although the philosopher may think it possible that we mistake the amenities sentimentalism affords for the broader principles of natural religion, booksellers have some reason to thank their stars that sentimentalism exists. It arises. phænix-like, from its own ashes hard by in the circulating library. We are so far impervious to sentiment proper, that, tucking up our sleeves like stolid anatomists, we bear it to the dissecting-room of literature and vivisect it psychologically.

On taking a bird's-eye survey of modern literature, one is surprised at the vast area occupied exclusively by the productions of the lady novelists. The lady novelists are as formidable in number as one or two generations of poets and philosophers, and their influence on our social life is incalculable. But this subject is one that cannot be treated in a few paragraphs.

Some writers find in our cant of realism an excuse for their false fun, their silly bombast about being matter-of-fact, and their distorted respectability. Creed they have

none, imagination they have none; they believe in nothing; they cannot be expected to credit what they cannot comprehend. But why will they brag in print of their ignorance and narrow-mindedness? Why will they parade themselves as the fast men and "snobs" of modern literature? Let them pass; and keep their trash out of our nurseries. Their scepticism is the duliness of noodledom; it is thorough, like the bray of the jackass, and reaches the level of a

quality.

That the uneducated part of the public-and especially in country places, where the town influence is least conspicuous—still clings to sentimentalism in its old forms, is partly proved by the success of the penny-a-liners who write romances. Your village girl, your clodhopper, and your domestic servant, stick honestly to their old idols; they applaud the vagaries and selfsacrifice of a lover called Randolph, but they would shudder at the common-place of a hero called John Thomas. They pay their money and choose the stipulated amount of love-making and heroism, of the Arcadian and chivalrous kinds. In the higher circles of society the case is not so different as might be imagined. For instance, the rage for things real and practical lately assumed in these circles a love for plain heroines and honest ugly heroes-a love for whose fraternity we must accredit "Jane Eyre;" but with all this, readers demanded an insipid colouring of sentimentalism and drawing-room ethics. We could find no fault with society for admiring good, albeit unprepossessing, people, provided the admiration were sincere. The fact is, the admiration was purely and radically a bit of morbid sentimentalism; for society ignored and ignores its existence in real life, where she inflates herself with imaginary distinctions, grows exclusive, and measures her soul by the tax-gatherer. It is the business of the writer of books to instruct and elevate, as well as to amuse; and it was quite proper

for him or her to tell us that such things as physical beauty are not to be too highly estimated. But there is a medium between our outery for common-place (it was nothing more) and the old delight in marbly foreheads, golden ringlets, and inflated twaddle of voices as musical as is Apollo's lute. It requires a bold man nowadays to make a poet, physically and intellectually gifted, the hero of his three volumes. "Give us realism," cries the critic; "give us truth-let us have none of your maunderings; the poet wears a plain suit of black like the rest of us, is generally ill-favoured and infinitely respectable." This is so far true, that our verse-writers seem to put all their individuality into their verses, and are, in real life, ordinary enough men and women. Moreover, I am no admirer of your admirable Crichtons, who write poetry, when made the heroes of novels. realism, or truth, is separable from the hard soul-less faces painted by a Teniers, true and real as they are as faces; and a poet with a poetical tout ensemble is not by any means an improbability.

Hard realism must in due time react against itself; and therein lies the reason of the present rage for works of fiction. Tired of the dusty highway of life, we solicitanew air for dalliance; but, in order to appear consistent, we stipulate that our novelists picture to us an everyday humanity. But why not leave the dry levels boldly now and then, and seek the mountain-summits without deceiving ourselves? If human nature lives a morbid life when deprived of emotions and aspirations of the purer kind, if men cannot exist happily without duly exercising the imagination. why be ashamed to acknowledge, and to vindicate the necessity? The fact is that, German-like, we stutter over the labials and compound pathos with bathos. The superabundance of psychological novels fully indicates the extent of the deception we practise on ourselves; for, by seeking a refuge in sentimentalism, we prove that the cant of realism is a hollow unpalateable falsehood-nothing but pinchbeck and bad Brummagem. Our prosefiction, like our private life, is deliberate, objective, and minute; it has no aspiration, no passion in it. So, if we are rich in good works of this kind, we are miserably poor in good poets. We bid the minstrel sing peans in honour of these times, and not go back to antiquity for subjects; but we forget that our battles are not yet fought, and that the poetry of this modern life cannot yet be understood or written. Confessedly, poetry is a drug in the market. Confessedly, also, the poet is a most respectable person, who pays his taxes, invocates the Muse of domestic life, and treats everything and everybody liberally but his own genius.

In Art, too, this cant of realism has of late years revealed itself. There has been a great controversy on the subject of Pre-Raphaelitism; and Mr. Ruskin has told us that the Pre-Raphaelites send their best pictures to the Academy. Now, I am not an Art-critic, but I like pictures, and have my opinions concerning them. I am, I believe, stating a fact, when I say the Pre-Raphaelites seem, to many persons, sadly deficient in ideality; and I add the suggestion, that this realistic theory of theirs often becomes, when reduced to practice, a veil to conceal poverty of imagina. tion. Hard work is well, in Art, as in every other pursuit; but I have seen group-portraits which, like gutters, are called true to nature, though they are untrue to poetry, which is a part of nature; and I have seen landscapes in which every leaf is painted with the exactest truth, but which no more resemble real landscapes, with moving light and soul in them, than city streets resemble country lanes. The face of nature changes every instant, in light, shade, and colour; and every change gives a new picture to the eye, a new sensation to the brain. It is possible to paint the materials of landscape, such as boughs, grass, stones, water, with fidelity and exactitude; but it is impossible to paint landscape truthfully, as we see it, with-

out idealising it.

Pathos in our every-day life is uncommon, because pathos is legitimately born of the emotions. I lately read, somewhere, an article indirectly recommending us to abolish all sympathy for women; to treat them and punish them as the sinners they are; and to remember that they are culprits. willing ones in most cases, lost through their own bad passions. This was, to a certain extent, true, though the case was put too strongly: and I mention the article because it evinces our tendency to view social questions in a hard, selfish, and too" practical" manner. Logic cannot always be used as an instrument of salvation; it is, in a thousand cases, quite useless. In a case like that alluded to, it is absolutely necessary that philanthropists should call in the aid of sentiment and imagination, if they wish to go to work gently and delicately. Our sympathy with lost women arises from no want of horror of their crime. It arises as the only intelligible means that could work successfully to the desired end—their reclamation; and if we examine its essence, we shall find that it is nothing more nor less than the colouring given by the imagination to a question which, in its bare truth, would be too repulsive for earnest examination. True as it may be that lost women are not always the dupes we take them for, and that seduction is not always one-sided, the less logical point of view works most practical good-because the ideal and emotional impulses of good men stimulate them more quickly to action. By looking at the question as mere matter-of-fact too gross for sympathy, we should simply convince ourselves that we were labouring in a barren soil. The spice of poetry lends our labour a zest, and arouses all our dormant energies. We must not take a mere surface-view of the abomination. Generally speaking,

Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" is truer to humanity, which is impossible without the inner emotions, than is the last drunken pariah brought up for summary disposal at Bowstreet.

This tendency to view things under their more repugnant aspects is not commendable. Liberality is incompatible with narrow views. Too many men make the countinghouse an excuse for parsimony; too many women have dissected human life so completely that they can expend no charity on it. We grow selfish and taciturn. Our selfishness and taciturnity assume the form of insular patriotism, seasoned with a strong contempt for any but established English institutions. There is a great deal to be said in favour of British spirit—British enterprise; but, although British influence is dominant over a large portion of the civilised world, let us remember that consiousness of power abroad is apt to assume the form of exclusiveness and narrow-mindedness at home. Now, want of pathos in dealing with those social problems which demand pathos, is scarcely to be considered a sign of vigorous health. The good old English gentleman, as we delight to call the abstract Englishman, is very often a brute and a bully. Poetry, sympathy, affection, and "all that sort of thing," are too much bandied about in private life. People are beginning to grow sceptical on the subject of their own sentiments, their own hearts. We are all as tough as tough can be: each is the image of his neighbour, and is clad, like George Fox, in his invulnerable suit of leather.

This odious practical tone has, as might have been expected, communicated itself to the clergy; and it is a notorious fact that a great portion of our pulpit-preaching fails to meet the wants of meditative and imaginative minds. It is right that clergymen should busy themselves in matters of local reform, and attend to the moral and physical well-being of their parishioners; but they ought not

should give their hearers more poetry and less parochialism. They should appeal to the ideal aspirations of human beings, to the soul, while not neglecting the lower organism of life. In doing local good, and teaching the hardy virtues, clergymen often run into the error of taking Christianity

for granted.

One may remark, generally, that our religion is too stubbornly ethical. We are content with God. the Just Legislator, and can well spare God, the Incarnation of creative genius and ideal beauty. As money-makers, we accept the Divine Law, without pausing to separate the spirit from the letter. Our orthodoxy is a cool, commonplace compromise, with conscience; we are willing, as practical people, to accept Fate, but care not to desiderate Beauty. Shut up in our great cities, we catch the jaundiced hue of our guineas. Far too cool-headed for fanaticism, and too cold-blooded for enthusiasm far too blind to perceive a medium religious life—we go to church because our neighbour does so likewise, and say grace before meat, as we insure our lives, in the event

of an accident. We recognise no Almighty Artist fashioning all things to beautiful ends; the mountains, the skies, the streams, the whole lovely world, have no music for us.

Minds that have nothing to confer Find little to perceive.

Nature is a sealed book to us, for we lack the golden key of inspiration which opens it. A writer cannot take wide views, in which nature and beauty are estimated at their right value, without being called Pantheistic. Englishmen desiderate an avatar because they are careless of life. They separate the sentiment of beauty from the sentiment of duty. The former is meaningless to them; the latter is the motive principle of their courage.

The above remarks by no means exhaust the subject of which they treat; but they leave the reader to think out the subject for himself. They are written earnestly, and come right out from the heart. The writer is not the only man who fears that, if we continue much longer to blush for our emotions, we may at last, collectively, occupy the position of a nation which has no emotions left to blush for.

## A LITERARY CAMP-FOLLOWER.

THE lives of men who might have succeeded would form a large and curious volume. Such men we all know; - some of them clever, some industrious, some both, but all unpractical—lacking that undefinable something which Americans call a "faculty." Brought by genius or opportunities to the very gates of the Temple of Fame, they want resolution or diligence to enter and claim an honourable niche. So they become mere hangers-on of the literary guild of their day, serving as a sort of foil to successful writers, and plaguing their friends meanwhile for patronage.

There was a notable specimen of this tribe of literary camp-followers in the last century, by name Dr. Paul Hiffernan; a man whose scholarship was considerable, who had seen life abroad as well as at home, and who could reckon among his associates such names as Goldsmith, Garrick, Foote, Murphy, and Bickerstaffe. Yet he never rose above making books to sell among his friends at indefinite prices. A dinner would always buy the service of his pen, and his life was one long subscription-list.

Paul Hiffernan was of Hibernian extraction, born in Dublin County m 1719. His school-days were passed in the Emerald Isle, and he afterwards went to college in the south of France, where he was a fellow-student of Rousseau and Marmontel. Thence he proceeded to Paris, and he remained in France for nearly seventeen years in all, acquiring full command of the French tongue. His parents had intended him for a Roman Catholic priest; but his dislike of such a profession made him betake himself to the study of medicine. Having taken the needful degree, he at length returned to Dublin to practise the healing art.

Unhappily he was too indolent to practise anything. He had, however, brought down with him a large stock of French stories, which

he knew how to tell with effect; and the Dublin people soon began to ask him to dinner for the sake of hearing them. Moreover a local agitation helped to bring him into notice. One Dr. Lucas had been returned as member of parliament for Dublin, and his opponents were casting about for some one to lead a paper war against him. They fixed upon Hiffernan, who readily agreed to give voice to their wrath in a periodical entitled "The Tickler." His papers gained him at least notoriety, and what he cared for quite as much, secured him invitations in plenty to the tables of the party. But Dr. Lucas did the best thing possible by way of reply to such an attack—he lived it down, and in time won over most thinking men to his side. Then the tide turned against Hiffernan, who had been indecently boisterous both with tongue and pen, and whose enemies were therefore bitter as well as numerous. Driven from the coffee-houses, and from most of his former haunts, being also in some personal danger, he was advised to quit the country, and try his fortune in London as an author.

To London he accordingly came in the year 1753 or 1754. Enough of his reputation had proceded him to procure him an easy introduction to the booksellers, who gave him employment on translations from French and Latin writers. He did not fulfil their hopes; for his long residence in France had vitiated his English style, and his punctuality could not be depended on. He next tried original composition on various subjects, chiefly dramatic; published a volume of miscellanies, and one on the "Theory of the Art of Acting." But sustained labour of any kind was not to his taste; he was not a man given to caring for the morrow, and having quartered himself on the intimacy of a tolerably large circle of acquaintance, he was very

well content to provide for each day's wants as they arose. Some of his expedients for doing so were

amusing enough.

The simplest was to call at the houses of his friends in succession during the morning, until asked by one of them to dinner. Then, too, his services were always to be had—for a consideration—if a picture, a play, or a poem needed puffing. Nay, more, he would condescend to instruct candidates for the stage, and obtain them engagements, at the rate of four guineas each. When such presented themselves, he always pulled out a sixinch rule, and commenced by gravely measuring their height. If the stature were too tall, he consoled the future actor by the example of Barry; if too short, by that of Garrick! Once, all his usual plans for raising cash seem to have failed him; yet his fertile invention rose superior to the occasion. He boldly fell back on his medical status, and proposed to give a course of lectures on "The Anatomy of the Human Body." The story of this performance is an

His proposals were for a course of three lectures, the subscription for which was to be a guinea, the subscribers not to exceed twenty. His list was soon filled; but the great majority of those who had cheerfully parted with their money were little inclined to submit to the infliction of a lecture. Wherefore it came to pass that at the appointed hour there were assembled in the appointed room at the Percy coffee-house, four persons only. These were Dr. Kennedy, physician to the Prince of Wales, Mr. George Garrick, a Mr. Becket, of Pall Mall, and another gentleman. Some time was spent in waiting for additions to the number, but additions there were none: and at length the doctor appeared, dressed in black, took up his position behind a small round table. and solemnly bowed to his audience. Taking from his pocket a small print of a human skeleton, he thus began:

"I am now, gentlemen, about to open a subject to you of the greatest importance in life—which is the knowledge of ourselves—which Plato recommends in that short but forcible maxim of nosce teipsum; Pope by saying—"The proper study of mankind is man," and our divine Shakespeare, by exclaiming—"What a piece of work is man!" &c.

After this preface came an ordinary description of the human head, lasting about half-an-hour, and then the lecturer advanced to

the breast:

"Here, gentlemen," said he, "is the next part of this very extraordinary animal, which may be very properly called, from its very curious bend and texture, the 'bread-basketry' of the human frame."

This was too much! The little auditory burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter, which awoke them to the absurdity of the whole proceeding. Here was one man lecturing to four, on a subject which one, at least, of his hearers understood infinitely better than himself! After an awkward pause, one of the audience came to the rescue: "Why, doctor, as we are all friends, and as the subscription has been paid in, what signifies giving yourself any further trouble? We are satisfied of your capacity, and we can dispense with any further lectures. Suppose all here come and take a bit of dinner with me to-day, when we shall see what we are able to do in anatomising the bottle." The company yielded a hearty assent; the lecturer stepped briskly from behind his little table, became once more the jovial companion, and ordered up some coffee-for which he left his friends to pay.

It would be a profitless task to enumerate the various publications of this singular man, or to follow him through the long descent of his uneventful life. His most successful efforts were a work called "Dramatic Genius," which he dedicated to Garrick, and a tragedy, entitled "The Heroine of the

Cave," which was performed at Drury Lane in 1775. For more than twenty years he was to be seen in London literary circles, tolerated for his anecdotes and his oddities, and very generously assisted by several of the first men of the day, until, in the early part of June 1777, he was carried off by an

attack of jaundice.

He had one peculiarity which clung to him to his latest hour. He would never tell where he lived. All questions and stratagems to discover the secret were in vain. "He was to be heard of at the 'Bedford' coffee-house;" this was his invariable answer to all inquirers, and he was proof against every inducement to say more. He broke off an advantageous negotiation with a bookseller in a rage at what he called "the inquisitive impertinence of tradesmen," because the man refused to make a bill payable at a coffee-house. Nor would he in his last illness receive the pecuniary assistance of his friends otherwise than through the familiar channel. Not even when wine had loosened his tongue on all other subjects was he ever so unguarded as to betray this secret. On one occasion the keeping of it cost him both pains and policy, which happened in the following manner.

There was an old gentleman named Dossie, secretary to the Duke of Northumberland, who had an eccentricity of an exactly opposite kind. It was this patriarch's constant practise to see home the person with whom he sat last; and it chanced after a a night spent near the Strand, that this person was Dr. Hiffernan. The usual offer of company home was made, in the blandest tones; the doctor as blandly replied that since he lived in the City he could not think of giving his friend such trouble. But he was answered that a walk to the City in Dr. Hiffernan's company would be of all life's pleasures the greatest.

There was nothing more to be said, and the pair turned Cityward. On they walked until St. Paul's east its shadows on their path. Here the veteran company-keeper looked around.

"Pray, doctor," said he, "do

you live much farther?"

"Oh yes, sir," was the reply, "and on that account I told you it would be giving you a great deal of trouble."

of trouble."

"No trouble at all, I assure you;" and they resumed their march till the Royal Exchange was gained. Here unmistakeable symptoms of hesitation displayed themselves on the part of Mr. Dossie, as he inquired—

"Do you live much farther

still?"

The doctor took courage from the altered tone, and boldly named "Boro" as his place of residence. This saved his secret: his companion confessed himself unable to walk so far, and they parted.

The lodging in which Dr. Hiffernan lived, was in a small court near St. Martin's-lane. His friends always supposed him to have usually lived in one of the courts off Fleet-street, which were then contiguous to many cheap eating-houses, as well as to his usual haunts. But none ever knew.

That Hiffernan might have attained considerable literary distinction, appears probable. had received a finished education, and had excellent opportunities for bringing his talents into notice. Yet he wasted all by his careless His story, like all indolence. stories, has a moral. It testifies that in literature, as in other pursuits, lasting success crowns diligence. The human intellect is a blade which needs not only to be sharpened and polished by education, but wielded with resolution in life's battle, if men are to be champions of progress, and not mere literary camp-followers. W. EARP TOMPKINS.

### A WOMAN'S MIRACLE.

#### CHAPTER XII.

SO FAR SO GOOD.

AMY BURCHELL's trial was at hand. When Sir William Raymond helped her from the phaeton, and led her into the best room of his fine old English mansion, she felt that the meeting with Eustace must be nigh, and the ease and indifference she had put on, in obedience to her father's bidding, forsook her. Here she was once more, after a long and painful absence, in the apartment where she had often sat in conversation with Eustace, and where, alas! she performed the unhallowed request of her father, and bade farewell to Eustace as her lover.

Oh! that scene—that parting that look of his after her faltering tongue had blasted his dearest hopes—now came before her in most substantial form. She felt his hand grow cold in her's as she spoke—she saw his lips divide, and his brows lower—she heard her name called upon again in those accents of despair. was now leaning on Sir William's arm, on the very spot of the room where her griet began-she knew it, for it was marked by the great hunting-piece that hung there as now.

The apartment they were in was quite a picture gallery, and the paintings that crowded the walls on each side the long room were of great value and interest, and were set in massive frames. With the exception of two historic subjects, and portraits of some of Sir William's ancestors and his family, the pictures represented scenes from the chase, and faithful portraits of avourite hounds and horses.

When Sir William escorted Miss Burchell into the apartment, and as he walked with her up and down, he said, in tones of unmistakeable sincerity—

"I have not yet been able to express to you, Amy, half the

delight your visit has given me. Your presence imparts such a completeness and charm to this old house of mine that I have not felt before since you ceased to visit it. I have had a great deal of trouble to get you here, and now that you are here, you will have some trouble to get away."

"Now, what can I say to such kindness?" inquired Amy.

"Nothing," replied Sir William.

"But there is one thing that you can do, and which I shall expect from you."

Amy was startled, She felt sure that Sir William was coming to the subject of Eustace.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," he said, when he saw Amy change countenance. "I was only going to ask you to make yourself quite at home—for I cannot help looking on you as my daughter that was to be—is to be—must be—and shall be!"

"Oh! Sir William," said Amy, "your overwhelming kindness deprives me of the power to speak adequately my feelings."

"You need not, dear Amy. Silence, sometimes, is more expressive than speech. The best language of the tongue fails to interpret the language of the heart. I could not tell you half the delight your presence gives me, nor half the regret I feel that you will not find the place so lively as when you left us."

"Your sorrows are mine, Sir William," said Amy.

"And let us hope, dear Amy, that this meeting may be the source of banishing sorrow, and that joy and happiness may once more be the reigning spirits of my house."

"My dear Sir William," said Amy, emphatically, "whatever in me lies to further your wishes, I will do to the uttermost."

"If you were to talk till doomesday, you couldn't say anything to please me better than that," said Sir William, a gratified smile twinkling about his lips.

"Now, sir, what can I do for your happiness?" with true-heartedness, asked Amy.

"That which I hope will give

you happiness, too."

"Ah, regardless of myself, Sir William, tell me what I can do for

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"Amy," said Sir William, after a slight pause, during which he led her opposite the large portrait of Robert Raymond in hunting costume, on which Amy cast one look, and then her gaze was transferred to the carpet. At this moment the door was abruply thrown open, and Mr. Burchell entered in the jolliest, homeliest free-and-easy manner, exclaiming—

"I say, Sir William, that's a very handsome mare you've got in

the stables!"

"It is, Burchell—it is," said Sir William; "but excuse me a few minutes, old friend—I'm just in a little private chat with Amy."

"Don't hurry for me, Sir William. I'll just go and look at the pack," said Mr. Burchell, making about as speedy an exit as he had an entrance. "The game has began early," he mused on his way to the kennels. "I wonder what card Sir William led with? May he win !- for his game is mine. I'd rather have no daughter than one blind to her interest. Hi! hi! Melville!" he cried, William's esteemed steward was crossing his path; "I'm just going to have a peep at the dogs-come with us."

The steward bowed, and then walked by the side of his master's free-and-easy visitor to the kennels.

After this slight interruption in the conversation of Sir William and Amy, the former resumed it, by saying-

"You will forgive me a word or two upon the past, dear Amy,

won't you?"

"Forgive you, Sir William! It will be a relief to my heart to hear all you have to say upon the past and the present, and I will give your words the greatest attention."

"We are now standing before the portrait of one who was to have been your husband," he said, with emotion, as he gazed upon the lineaments of his favourite son. "Do you remember it?"

"Well, Sir William."

"His loss to me was the greatest of my life. What was it to you?"

"For your sake and for his own, I grieved for his untimely death," said Amy, withdrawing her eyes from the picture.

"But for your own sake,—my loss was your gain? Ah! well—ah!

well. I see it all now."

Amy saw that he had rightly interpreted her meaning, but she was also quick to see the anguish it had given him.

"What have I said to grieve

you so, Sir William?"

"Dear child, I grieve for you."
"Oh, no, Sir William," cried
Amy. "Let me allay your griefs,
not increase them."

"There has been wrong somewhere," said Sir William, sternly, "Amy, did Robert know that you had no love for him?"

"I dared not deceive him. But he hoped that love would follow

marriage."

"Rash boy! rash boy!" cried Sir William. "His great affection for you made him over-hopeful. Forgive him, Amy."

"Long, long ago, that has been

done."

"For that I bless you, dear Amy," said Sir William, clasping her hand in both of his. "You ars very generous, and I deeply sympathise with you for the misfortune poor Robert's ungoverned love has brought upon you."

"Robert was less to blame

than--

Amy paused.

"Than whom? Come, Amy, let me know how the whole matter got into this serious entanglement, for I shall never speak of it again. When once your lips have spoken it will be sealed up by me for ever. Your conduct I feel has been womanly and blameless."

"Not altogether, Sir William. I broke faith with one to gratify the hard will of another. In the hands of the strong I became weak."

"I shall never forgive you if you reproach yourself, dear Amy," said Sir William, encouragingly. "The mysterious hand of Providence has overruled the fate that was humanly designed for you. I thought my Robert possessed a

"It was my father that encouraged his suit, and compelled me to accept it," said Amy, in extenuation of Sir William's deceased

son.

"Ha! then it is as Eustace told me," exclaimed the master of Greatlands. "My old friend Burchell should have been more of a father," he added, with deep emotion, taking Amy's hand.

Then Amy, to extenuate as far as possible her father's act (keeping out of sight that it was the heirship that influenced Mr. Burchell in his choice between the brothers) said—

"My father was very fond of

Robert."

"Oh, he was a great favourite with everybody," cried Sir William, who was very much delighted to hear this from Amy, and who would forgive a good deal to anyone who loved his son. "You see, Burchell and Robert were men of the same wild disposition, and fond of the same pursuits, and I can quite understand now, how it was that your father should have wished to see you and Robert united. And nothing would have given me greater happiness than to have seen it too, if it could have been a union of hearts, and not stratagem."

"I ought not to have yielded,

Sir William."

"Do not blame yourself, Amy. What could you do more than you did to oppose the will and wishes of your father? Really, on the whole, I think you did right, however much he did wrong."

"Eustace, I fear, will not so mercifully absolve me. The deep wrong has been done to him."

"Ah! poor Eustace has been made to suffer. But we have all suffered, Amy, and we must cling

round you now, to make us all rejoice again. The hearts that love each other are with us still, and it shall be the anxiety of my life to see them united and one. Four long years have been wasted in misery, and that is a sin that should not be perpetuated for the sake of pride."

"Crushed love is the hardest

thing in life to revive."

"That all depends upon the cause that crushed it," retorted Sir William. "Now I know the heart of him, Amy "-leading her before the portrait of his son Eustace, and pointing to it. Eustace was here portrayed standing on the garden terrace, leaning with one arm on a large stone vase of flowers, with one leg crossed over the other, his black beard well contrasting with his somewhat pale, but handsome features. This picture faced the one of his brother Robert, both life-size, and in uniform gold frames."

"A fine young man, is he not, Amy? Plenty of soul and intel-

lectuality, eh?"

"And of the finest kind, Sir William; so fine, that an adverse breath would give it pain. How like him! How prominently honour is stamped upon the countenance!"

"Ah, yes; and honour is the leading feature of his mind."

"How, then, can I meet Eustace

again ?-I, that have-"

"As much honour as he has, and a great deal more sense," smilingly interrupted Sir William, filling up Amy's half-finished sentence of self-accusation the reverse of what she intended to say. "How can you meet him, indeed! The misanthropic dog! How will he meet you?—He who has allowed year after year to float away without taking any pains to find you?"

"But why should he, Sir

William?" asked Amy.
"Because he loves you—is dying
for you; and all his pride is not

deep enough to conceal it."
"Then I pity Eustace more than

"Pity for what? You don't mean to say that you have no love

for him?" interrogated Sir William, with some fear expressed in his tones."

"I have so much love for him that I pity him from my heart for ever having honoured me with his

love."

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"No coquetry, Amy - no coquetry. We must have a little plain-sailing now, or we shall never get off the rocks your father has steered us on. From this time I take the helm of affairs in my own hands, and its my firm hope and faith that I shall be able to steer the storm-tossed vessel into smooth water. Now, not another word, Amy," he added, as she was about to speak; "and I know you will pardon me for detaining you thus early on your arrival upon a subject so deeply concerning the happiness of both you and my son."

"With all my heart I thank you, Sir William, for so kindly anticipating me in what I wished to say to you. Oh! the conversation has given my loaded soul more relief than I could tell you. I never so much felt before the truth of what you just now said, that it was impossible for the language of the tongue to describe the language of

the heart."

"Then, pray, my dear Miss Burchell, do not trouble yourself in the vain endeavour to overcome the impossible."

"I almost trembled to meet you." "And well you might, seeing that you have kept from Greatlands so long-so inexcusably long."

"And I am here now only in obedience to my father's will.

"Ah! Amy, Amy, that is cold, unkind and unpardonable! And so I have a visitor without a heart."

"Ah! no, Sir William-my heart is with every spot of this place, and with all its inmates."

"Then why should you tremble to visit us."

"Because I have done evil, and

brought sadness upon your house." "Tut! tut! you are incapable of either-except that you make us sad only when you are away from us. To see your charming face once more, has been as welcome and

cheering to me, as the sun in harvest. And so it will be to Eustace."

"I fear not, Sir William; and it was that fear that made me dread to come; for painful remembrances, and cruel memories, could only follow my visit. Time, no doubt, has reconciled Eustace to the disappointment dishonourably heaped upon him."

"Time has done no such thing, Amy—it has only tinged his love for you with melancholy, but it is as true and ardent as ever, and that you will find when you see

him.

"Oh, I cannot see him, Sir

William!' exclaimed Amy.

"Not see him! Why you came to congratulate him on his thirtieth birthday, did you not?—and I hope it will, ere long, be my pleasure to congratulate you both on your wedding-day. Now, while I go and look after the friends who 1 have invited here to-day-according to our good old birthday customs—and, mind, when you are Lady Raymond, I shall expect you never to permit any departure from it—I shall just hand you over to the kind care of Mrs. Austin, my good and faithful housekeeper since I lost her,"-pointing with his finger to the portrait of the late Lady Raymond, which was hung next to the portrait of her son Robert. "She was very fond of you, Amy, and would have been deeply grieved to know the trouble you and all of us have been plunged in since her decease."

"She was, indeed as noble in character, as she was tender and generous. I have especial reason to revere her memory-she became a mother to me in my orphanage."

"Ah! bless her! she was a mother to all who needed one," in affectionate accents rejoined Sir William.

"My father-" "Well, here he is, what about your father?" asked Mr. Burchell, who was entering the apartment as if it were his own, with a large yellow mastiff following by his side, and looking up in his face intelligently, while gladness beamed from his mellow, yet suspicious eyes. "Talk of the memory of the dog, Sir William—what do you say to this? Here's Jupiter knows me as well after a four years' absence as if I had never been away a day." And the dog, by his caresses, confirmed this state-"Why, as I passed the yard, and before I spoke to him, he evidently remembered me, and began to fawn, and would not leave me." And while he stroked the fond head of the dog, Mr. Burchell repeated—"Well, Amy, what about your father?"

"We were just talking about Lady Raymond—" began Amy; but she was quickly interrupted by Mr. Burchell, who exclaimed—

"Ah! Amy, if you had half her virtues you would be a bright woman. She was a lady that I had the intensest admiration for. She combined good common sense with the highest accomplishments and an imposing demeanour. I need no portrait to recall her to my mind-although that is a most speaking likeness of her. I often think of her, and deeply lament her loss. She was one of those ladies that would have been an ornament to any age, and I can only hope, Amy, that you will make her life a guide and an example for your own.'

Mr. Burchell, when it was his cue to praise, as now, never did so in a stinted manner, but he would go on and on—higher and higher—until he had deified the person he was speaking of into an angel or a god. Of course, his tribute to the character of Lady Raymond was grateful to the heart of her husband, and the speaker exalted himself in Sir William's esteem for his warm panegyric on the deceased

ady.

But while Mr. Burchell spoke, Sir William remembered that his revered lady never had a very high opinion of Amy's father, while he also remembered that she was deeply attached to his daughter.

"Well, Burcheil, I have had a long conversation with Amy."

"I hope you have found her docile, Sir William."

"She has seconded my views in the best possible manner, and we now only need your co-operation—"

"Rely upon me, Sir William," said Mr. Burchell, taking a chair, throwing himself back in it and crossing his legs, while he thrust his thumbs in his waistcoat. "It would be an affectation on my part—a thing I hope never to be guilty of—to say that I was ignorant of the object of your protracted conversation with Amy—no doubt it had to do with her and Eustace, whom I am very anxious to shake hands with once more, when you can find time to introduce me, or tell me where he is to be found."

"That is the next step to be taken. But he is in that unaccountably strange condition of mind, that we must consider the best way to approach him."

"Very sorry, indeed, Sir William, to hear of this change in Eustace. I always thought him a philosopher, and mind-proof against

all trouble.'

"I thought so, too, Burchell. But neither I nor his philosophy can move him out of the melancholy groove he has drifted into. But I am not without hope that this young lady here has much to do with it, and that when he sees her, he will become more himself again."

"If that be so, the sooner the experiment is made, the better for all of us. I am quite ready and anxious to pay my respects to him."

"I will just step into the hall to welcome my friends, and then, by your leave, we will all three see him together," said Sir William.

"With all my heart!" exclaimed Mr. Burchell, rising from his chair.

"Favour my absence," pleaded Amy. "I will remain here until

you return."

"I cannot excuse you, Amy. My only hope is in your influence with him. Take a seat, my child, and I will send my housekeeper to you," said Sir William, and he and Mr. Burchell, arm-in-arm left for the hall.

### CHAPTER XIII.

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A WOMAN'S MIRACLE.

THE hall was a very spacious apart-A huge fire-place was at each end, and it was well furnished with solid oak chairs and tables, which on this occasion were arranged in the centre of the long apartment, while a cross table of polished mahogany was placed at the top, for Sir William and his chosen friends. Vases of flowers, in great profusion, decorated the tables, and imparted considerable gaiety and refinement to the other preparations for the birthday-feast. The cross table was filled with a high heap of plates, dishes, tall tureens, and silver flagons and cellars, all marked with the Raymond arms.

The hall, even now, was pretty well filled with guests and schoolchildren, the latter forming a smiling throng at the extreme end of the long table. Judith Shaw and the miller's daughter were in their midst; while Mr. Shaw, in his white highly-stiffed neckcloth, the miller and his wife on each side of him, promenaded the hall, talking over events past, present, and

When Sir William entered with Mr. Burchell, every head bowed down, while the girls all made the best curtseys, and Ralph Roberts started a loud hurrah, which made the old hall ring again. Then the jovial miller proposed three cheers for Mr. Eustace Raymond. After this, as previously arranged, the little children sang a few verses in honour of the auspicious occasion, and composed by Mr. Shaw, the chorus of each verse terminating with "Many happy returns of the day!"

Mr. Shaw followed these proceedings by approaching Sir William as a kind of deputation from those who grouped themselves around him, and, amidst breathless silence, reading the following congratulatory address, which he had taken much pains to compose, and which had previously been submitted to the critical tastes of the miller and his wife :-

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"Honoured Sir William,"-this first sentence was made with a profound bow, and the guests all did the same, - "your goodness and favour having afforded us another opportunity of assembling around your hospitable board, we are desirous of returning you our united thanks for your great condescension. Not only our years, but every returning day of our lives, are blessed and cheered by your friendliness and condescension. Out of the fulness of your riches the poor and needy are preserved from perishing, and out of your wisdom we are stored with treasures of the mind. We pray that this, the thirtieth birthday of your son and heir, may be laden with the birth of new pleasures to him and you, and that it may be the death-day of everything that has contributed to mar your peace and happiness. These little children, sir, are here this day to tender you their gratitude for your care of They are too young to them. speak their feelings, but their smiling faces are more than words. When they reach maturer years, every line they write, every book they read, every virtue they practise, they will not forget to ascribe the blessing of their privileges to you. In these young hearts, Sir William, an imperishable monument has been raised to your good-Your numerous tenantry, too, Sir William, have solicited my humble efforts to return their thanks for your steady and prompt attention to anything they may ask or require for the improvement of their farms and grounds, with a view to advance their prosperity. It would have given us unfeigned pleasure to have had the opportunity of ourselves congratulating Mr. Eustace Raymond on a new birthday; but we have again to deplore his absence. Therefore, Sir William, we severally ask you to tender to him the congratulations of all here assembled, and to wish him what those young voices have just sung, 'Many happy returns of the day."

Mr. Shaw finished his address 16 -

he began it, with a profound bow to Sir William, and a lesser one to Mr. Burchell, who sat on the right of Sir William.

While her father was going through his address, Judith buried her face in her hands, in the manner that she did at church, and Sir William observed this attitude more than others present—but he made no remark upon it. He now rose, and was about to speak, but Mr. Burchell, always forward, also rose, and begged permission from Sir William to say a few words first.

Sir William instantly resumed his seat, and his somewhat fast visitor, with his thumbs thrust in his white waistcoat, his chest thrown forward, and his head erect,

said-

"Permit me, Mr. Shaw, to say that I very much regret that all our friends were not present to hear your admirable testimony to Sir William Raymond's virtues. I thought at first these proceedings were premature, but I daresay, sir, that you and the good folks present, could not resist speaking the sentiments of your hearts directly our worthy host presented himself amongst you."

"That's just the truth, Mr. Burchell!" exclaimed the jovial

miller.

"Just so, just so, but I have not risen to criticise the order of your proceedings, but to endorse the words and sentiments of Mr. Shaw's address. I have had the happiness of Sir William Raymond's acquaintance for a great number of years, as most of you know, and I can say that in zeal to do good—in uprightness of character—in soundness of heart—in brilliancy of intellect, there is no man living but what must yield to cur worthy host."

Sir William felt overpowered by the laudations of his friend, and suddenly bowed his face in his

hands.

"We are not now paying our respects to Sir William under the heated influence of wine, but from the warmer influence of our hearts.

In your address, Mr. Shaw—an address that only failed because there was no language in existence sufficiently expressive to recount or describe Sir William's virtues—you deplored that Eustace Raymond was not present to receive the congratulations of his friends. You will be gratified to hear that I and Sir William are on our way to the library to persuade Eustace to join us here in the hall, and I am not without hope but that we shall succeed."

This announcement was received

with cheers.

"Mr. Burchell, Mr. Shaw, and good friends all," said Sir William, rising, "I rejoice to see you once more in this hall, which is always open to you. I shall find an opportunity ere our feast is over to say a few more words to you. In the meantime, I beg to return you, one and all, my sincerest thanks for the gracious things you have said of me, and which I would give life itself to feel that I deserved them. I must ask leave of absence for few minutes to persuade my son once more to come and enjoy the society of so many old friends."

Sir William and Mr. Burchell now sent for Amy, and found her on the terrace garden, where she was straying alone among the flowers. With much diffidence, and after much persuasion, she accompanied her father and Sir William on a visit to Eustace. As they walked to the library, Mr. Burchell told Amy, and Sir William supported him, that she must not stand too much upon the etiquette of the step she was taking.

"Etiquette, indeed!" exclaimed Amy, with haughtiness, "it is feeling that makes me so reluctant for this interview. Oh! father, how can you bear to see him when you made me break my vow to

him?"

When Amy spoke this they were on the threshold of the library door, and Mr. Burchell had no time to reply. They were now face to face with Eustace—and who shall describe the different feelings of the persons now assembled together?

When Amy saw Eustace—and she was quick to see—an influence came over her which she could not resist—an influence of the heart that overpowered all reserve, fear, and "etiquette;" and before Eustace, who was sitting over a glass of sherry, and feeding his companion dog with a piece of biscuit, could recover his surprise, and before a word passed from any one, Amy was kneeling at his feet.

Sir William and Mr. Burchell looked confounded, and thus stood looking on at the scene, and wondering what would be the result

of it.

"Miss Burchell!" cried Eustace, in freezing tones.

"Oh! Eustace, how can I excuse

myself for being here!"

"For being here, Miss Burchell, no excuse is needed. But the position you have assumed -"

"Is due to you," said Amy. "Those who feel they have done wrong should always humble themselves before those they have made

to suffer."

"Wrong! Wrong!" reiterated Eustace. "Do not so accuse yourself—you did no wrong to me, Miss Burchell—the wrong, if any, was committed by myself. Always ambitious, I leaped too high for happiness, and had a fall—but the time has passed away. I pray you rise," he said, assisting her from the floor.

"Your hand, Eustace," said Mr. Burchell, now stepping forward.

"There, sir," said Eustace, extending his hand. "Had you asked me for my heart, I could not have given it—for I have none to give."

"Why, Eustace, what's the mat-

" Much, Mr, Burchell."

"I have come from a long dis-

tance to see you."

"It would not be truth to say that I am glad to see you, for I am glad at nothing now. But my father, Mr. Burchell—you are his guest, and I am sure he will make up to you for any want of welcome you may have experienced from me. But you are looking well, sir,

though I regret to see Miss Burchell look so pale. I hope the air of Greatlands will improve her health."

"You know me, Eustace-"

"Well, sir?" he replied, significantly, and quicker than Mr. Burchell was prepared for.

"I am one of those men who are free to confess to their errors. My partiality to your deceased brother led me to practise some injustice

to you."

"Mr. Burchell," said Eustace, "spare me your explanations. You placed your heel upon my hopes, and crushed them. The torture was too keen to last, and me to live. Fate healed the wound you made, by making another deeper in my soul, even than the separation from your daughter. The one absorbed the other. See, Miss Burchell is weeping—father, attend to her."

"It gives me pain—it makes me weep—to see how much we have disturbed you, Eustace—it was

not my wish to come."

"Your conduct was always marked with tenderness, Miss

Burchell," said Eustace.

"I am not one that is easily moved from his purpose," said Mr. Burchell, familiarly placing his hand on Eustace's shoulder.

"And what is your purpose with me, sir?" This question was put

most decidedly.

"To have you with us at the

feast.

"You mock me. Mr. Burchell," said Eustace, frowningly. "My feasting henceforth will be with sorrow, and those who have any friendship for me will cease to disturb me."

"But it is the worst thing in the

world to nurse misery.'

"You talk like one, sir, who had never made the acquaintance of misery."

"Why it is misery to me to see an old friend thus," said Mr.

Burchell.

"That I regret; for it is no pleasure to me to burden others with my feelings."

"It will be but a poor feast, my son, without your presence," said Sir William, tearfully. "I did hope, Eustace, that this visit from such esteemed friends as the Burchells would have swayed you to make merry with us for an hour or so."

"And if anyone could, it would have been them. But I cannot talk further, and must refer them to you for a more extended explanation of my present state of mind. God help me!" he half said, half sighed.

"I have already met the friends, my son, whom I invited to mark another anniversary of your birth, and they begged me, with full hearts, to wish you many happy

returns of the day."

"You have done their bidding, father—now do mine. Tell them, with all the heart that I have left, that I thank them; and though I cannot rejoice with them again, I hold them all in the dearest remembrance."

A great deal more passed, but all pretty well to the same effect as that recorded. The interview failed, however, towin Eustace to the feast, and the three left the room with different feelings and faces than when they entered. They were filled with disappointment, especially Mr. Burchell, who was oversanguine in the matter.

"I trust, Miss Burchell"—he never once called her Amy—"that you intend making a long stay with my father. He is very forsaken, and I know, next to me, perhaps no society could afford him so much

pleasure as yours."

These were the last and warmest words he said to Amy, and she

dwelt upon them and treasured them, and Sir William endorsed them.

The feast went on as merrily as the sorrowful circumstances would permit. The interview with Eustace had considerably damped the ardour and chilled the animal spirits of Mr. Burchell, who sat by the side of the lovely widow Sargood, who had arrived while Sir William and he had been engaged in the library.

In the midst of the feast, and while Sir William, with tears welling to his eyes, was lamenting his son's absence, Judith Shaw left the hall, and after some time her absence was noticed by several of the company, and the merry miller's daughter went in search of her

She returned, however, without bringing Judith with her. She had searched all about the grounds, but could not find her.

Alarm began to seize the company, and Mr. Shaw turned pale. During this scene, the big hall-door slowly opened, and there came Judith Shaw, walking with slow and tragic step by the side of

Eustace Raymond!

The latter, as he walked by Judith, seemed like one magnetised, and who had no control over his actions. Had an apparition entered it could not have paralysed the assembly more. Sir William almost swooned away. Some heads were thrust forward, others held back, as from a ghost. There was but one voice spoke amidst the breathless silence, and that was Mr. Burchell's, who exclaimed—"A miracle! A woman's miracle!"

### AMONG PIRATES FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

On the 19th of December, 1823, a trial for piracy, which excited great attention in London and elsewhere, took place before the High Court of Admiralty. The prisoner who stood arraigned, and who was liable, if convicted, to the penalty of Death, had passed through a series of mishaps and adventures stranger than fiction, and only rivalled by the career of Dumas's Involuntarily the associate of a crew of murderers and buccancers, whose deeds were such asstruck terror into every merchant skipper's heart, the prisoner Aaron Smith now stood at a criminal bar, and had to prove to a jury that his companionship with pirates had been compulsory. On that proof his life hung on that sharp December day.

To a nation like ours, rich in merchant shipping, and deriving from it enormous wealth, the crime of piracy was always a heinous one. Far back as the twenty-eighth year of Henry the Eighth's reign, a statute had made robbery on the high seas punishable with death and loss of lands. When to this robbery, murder in its most cruel forms was added, it is evident that to Englishmen the crime and the criminals became so hateful as to be hunted down on every chance. The reports of the atro-

cities of the West Indian sea-

thieves had come, ever and anon,

across the ocean to England, and

had roused both hate and fear and

honest wrath. The risk which

Aaron Smith ran was a very dangerous one.

He was acquitted, however; for his story, which during the space of some hours held court, jury, and public enthralled by its interest, was marked by the signs of truth. He called twenty witnesses to speak to his humanity and honesty. The girl to whom he was betrothed, whose beauty attracted general admiration, proved that their mar-

riage would have long since taken place, had not the prisoner been detained abroad. The tears of the young lady, and the emotion of the prisoner, touched those present as sincere tokens of grief, and Aaron Smith was held a deeply-injured man, and set free.

He drewup a little volume, called "The Atrocities of the Pirates," containing a very simple and unvarnished record of his adventures, and which was published in 1824. This book, now very scarce, forms the substance on which this article is based. It can hardly fail, I imagine, to interest my readers, even such of them as are continually dieted on sensation novels.

In June, 1821, Aaron Smith left in the war-ship "Harrington," for the West Indies. There he stayed (having left the ship) for some time, engaged in various pursuits, when he became engaged as first mate of the brig "Zephyr," a Mr. Lumsden being master. On the 29th June, the voyage to England commenced. Some days brought the brig off Cape Saint Antonio, whence she

stood eastward.

On the next day, at two p.m., a strange schooner stood out from the coast of Cuba towards the "Zephyr." The master was informed of this by Smith and one Captain Cowper, a passenger, but obstinately refused to change his course, supposing -I presume on the civis-Romanus principle-that as he bore the English flag, none would molest him. Mr. Lumsden was doomed to be harshly undeceived. The grim schooner came on swiftly, her decks full of men and lowered boats. Next came a hoarse order to lay to, enforced by a volley of musketry, which increased the rising terror of the "Zephyr's" master.

The brig was now boarded by the pirates boats, which were filled with armed men. The chief, a ferocious fellow, stayed in his schooner, and had Lumsden, Cowper, Smith, and others brought before him on his deck. His questions in broken English as to cargo. &c., were enforced by threats of burning the "Zephyr" and every soul belonging to her if truth was not told.

Smith was informed by the pirate captain that he would be kept to navigate the schooner. The mate entreated to be released, and drew a harrowing picture of an imaginary wife and children longing for his

return, but all in vain.

Ultimately he was forced to go on board the brig. collect his property and necessaries for navigation, and return to his new master. In the interim, Lumsden and Cowper were lashed to the pumps, and combustibles placed round them and fired to extort a confession as to hidden treasure. The pirates plundered the brig, and Smith was driven at the point of the knife into the pirate schooner, and saw the brig and his companions sail off,

leaving him in captivity.

In due course the schooner touched at a harbour—Rio Medias. where an evident understanding existed between the pirates and the Spanish magistrates, and where a dance took place between the crew and the fair ladies of the neighbourhood at the chief magistrate's house. Our hero, compelled to share in the festivities, made the acquaintance of a young Spanish beauty, Seraphina, who seems to have excited a reciprocal attachment in his heart. These Arcadean delights of music and dancing and hobnobbing of Spanish authorities with corsairs, were followed by the sale on board the schooner of the brig's eargo, the love-making on Smith's part to Seraphina, and his promises of marriage if she would aid his escape, and wound up by a furious fight between two of the pirates with their knives, one being stabbed. Smith was ordered, despite his protestations, to act as surgeon, the captain admitting no plea of ignorance, and the unhappy captive had to staunch and bandage as best he could.

The cause of the quarrel was investigated. One wounded man informed his captain that the other had formed a plot to assassinate him. The crew simultaneously rushed down, cut off the poor wretch's legs and arms with a blunt hatchet, and threw him overboard. Such was Smith's first experience of pirate customs, and while he still shuddered, the captain told him this would be his fate if he concealed information from him.

The schooner cruised out to sea. and at last came back to harbour. Out to meet her came the chief mate, with that portion of the crew who had been left behind. These were implicated in the assassination A white handkerchief was plot. held up to decoy them, and when close, a volley fired among them. But one man survived, and he was doomed by the captain to die in the favourite fiend-like manner of the Cuban pirates. For three hours a boat's crew was occupied in rowing up and down a narrow bushfringed channel, the unhappy being stripped naked wretch and pinioned in the boat, while myriads of mosquitoes and sandflies hovered round, and closed on his flesh. Says Smith, "We had been scarcely half-an-hour in this place, when the miserable victim was distracted with pain; his body began to swell, and he appeared one complete blister from head to foot." His voice failed, his features became undistinguishable, and in this condition they brought him back. The captain had the boat moored, and orde ed six muskets to be fired at the dying man. He only fainted; a pig of iron was fastened round his neck, and he was flung into the sea. ended this specimen of vengeance; and next came the turn of Aaron Smith to feel the captain's cruelty. Refusing to board a merchant brig, the rage of the corsair was so great with his captive, that he had him tied to the mast, a circle of gunpowder strewed round him, a train laid, and a match applied to it. The blaze burst up, lapped the unhappy man in its embrace, and,

his clothes all on fire, he fell insensible. Recovering, he found himself unable to move, both legs lacerated, and, in fact, the bone laid bare, and large blisters on various parts of his body.

Compassion was incited in the heart of one of the crew, who showed kindness and attention to the unfortunate prisoner. The latter, in the pain he was, was made to make sails, to act as surgeon, and even to mount the rigging, by the captain, whose brief fits of humanity ended in bursts of fero-

cious threats.

About this time a collision occurred between some survivors of the "chief mate's" gang (who lurked in the woods, near the harbour which the schooner constantly made her head-quarters) and the The friendly magistrate, crew. before referred to, was wounded, and the mutilated Smith was carried on a mattress two miles inland to the house, to dress the official's wounds. Here he saw the charming daughter Seraphina again, and hopes of escape were indulged in by both. To lull suspicion, he affected reluctance to go ashore, which produced compulsion: One day, on his return, one of the "gang" was captured by the boat's crew, exposed to the sandflies, half maddened, blindfolded, tied to a tree, and shot, ere their return to their approving captain and com-Other unhappy traitors were made targets of, tied to trees, and bets indulged in as to hitting or missing them. All these things Smith was compelled to witness silently on peril of life, while his own maimed, tortured limbs forcibly reminded him of his captors' state of mind. A Dutch vessel was next captured, and her cargo taken, while Smith was made to act the surgeon. About this time he met with Seraphina, on one of his visits to her father, and was overjoyed to find she had arranged matters for their flight.

Some days elapsed, the feverish hope in the prisoner's mind making him unable to remain quiet. While thus on tenterhooks, he witnessed

another scene of murder. The French cook of the Dutch vessel, teased by his captors, seized a hatchet, and wounded one. The rest simultaneously plunged their knives into his body, and flung him, still breathing, overboard. Again Smith was made to become the injured pirates' surgeon.

Two more prizes were taken, and then the famous Rio grew too hot to hold the pirates. Five gunboats were ordered down by the Governor of Havannah, a fact of which the friendly magistrate duly informed the pirate captain. The corsair eluded the flotilla (which seems to have shown little real will to capture her), and remained for three weeks off the Morillia, where a French vessel was captured by her. The pirates plundered her, cut away her mizen-mast and starboard main-rigging, and in this condition magnanimously turned her adrift

to pursue her voyage.

Returned to the old anchorage the storm having blown over—the schooner lay inactive. The pirate captain (who, by the way, according to his crew's account, had murdered twenty men with his own hand) fell ill. Smith, forced to prescribe, put an opiate into some arrowroot; and while the captain slumbered, and the crew got drunk, stole into the canoe of some who were aboard. fishermen cut her loose, and for Havannah. Two nights and a day in this frail cockleshell he traversed the ocean, while, as he says, "the wind blew from the south-west, and, what appeared to me a special Providence, continued to do so the whole day-a thing very unusual in that climate." He reached the Havannah, and after boarding a ship commanded by an old acquaintance, went ashore. Recognised by a Spanish officer who had been a prisoner on board the schooner, the unfortunate man was seized and flung into a dungeon swarming with vermin, and kept prisoner for five weeks, though a few comforts were got for him by a friendly Spaniard. He was then handed over to the British admiral,

who, he bitterly complains, had him put in double irons. He seems to have been treated at first with great severity. During the whole voyage he was, although freed from fetters, kept with a sentry over him to prevent his speaking to any one. On arrival home he was taken to London, committed for trial, indicted, tried, and acquitted, the story of which we have given the outline being so evidently true as to convince all that Aaron Smith's career of suffering and hardship was involuntary, and that his pirate adventures were as unavoidable as remarkable in the history of the seas.

### A BRIDAL SONG.

From climes of peril and fear,
With a dangerous haze and gloom,
Like a beacon-light, my dear,
Has led me safely home,
Over a turbulent foam,
To a quiet inland mere.

A haven of love and of rest,
Made doubly dear to one
Who wrought with a troubled breast,
From the rise to the fall of the sun,
Whose days and nights did run
Together in hours unblessed.

A haven of joy and of love,
With sycamores at the gate.
Where murmurs of bee and of dove
Are early heard and late,
Where lilies and roses sate
The air of each alcove.

And fresh'ning breezes blow
Amid our vines at noon,
We hear the millstreams flow,
The blackbird's mellow tune,
We are merry in months of June,
Happy in days of snow.

From climes of peril and fear,
From storms and sultry skies,
I am rescued by my dear;
Now I dwell in a region that lies
In the light of her soft blue eyes,
In the gleam of her amber hair.

ROBERT HANNAY.

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